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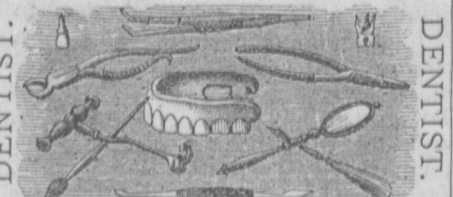
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# The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VIII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1879.

NUMBER 23.

## POETRY.

### LET IT PASS.

Be not swift to take offense;  
Let it pass!  
Anger is a foe to sense;  
Let it pass!  
Brood not darkly o'er the wrong,  
Which will disappear ere long;  
Rather sing this cheery song—  
Let it pass!  
Let it pass!

Strife corrodes the purest mind;  
Let it pass!  
As the unregarded wind,  
Let it pass!  
Any vulgar souls that live  
May condemn without reprieve;  
'Tis the noble who forgive;  
Let it pass!  
Let it pass!

Echo not an angry word;  
Let it pass!  
Think how often you have erred;  
Since our joys must pass away,  
Like the dew drops on the spray,  
Wherefore should our sorrow stay?  
Let it pass!  
Let it pass!

If for good you've taken ill,  
Let it pass!  
Oh! be kind and gentle still;  
Let it pass!  
Time at last makes all things straight;  
Let us not resent, but wait,  
And our triumph shall be great;  
Let it pass!  
Let it pass!

Bid your anger to depart;  
Let it pass!  
Lay these homely words to heart;  
Let it pass!  
Follow not the giddy throng;  
Better to be wronged than wrong;  
Therefore sing the cheery song—  
Let it pass!  
Let it pass!

## STORY TELLER.

### COR CORDIUM.

A STORY OF NO MAN'S LAND.

[From Harper's Magazine.]

Edith Rushmore sat at her small  
upright piano, discontentedly turning  
the sheets of music in a large portfo  
lio stand at her side. The piano was  
of the most elegant make, but undeni  
ably diminutive; it seemed in the  
great drawing-room like some child's  
toy, while its companion, the music  
stand, was out of all proportion in  
size—a perfect giant of a music stand,  
filled to overflowing with operatic  
scores, selections from Wagner, Verdi,  
Meyerbeer, Chopin, Liszt, Beethoven,  
Mendelssohn, and other standard or  
popular composers. So varied was  
the collection that it would have been  
difficult to gain from it any idea of the  
taste of its owner, though there was a  
marked predominance of brilliant and  
difficult music over more simple melo  
dies.

"It was downright cruel in Roy,"  
thought the high-spirited young girl,  
whose shapely fingers were marching  
o'er

"The yielding planks of the ivory floor."

"It was simply masterful and wicked  
to send me this insignificant little  
Jew's-harp, when he knew that I want  
ed a concert grand." Bitter, rebell  
ious tears fell in other flashing drops  
upon Roy's great solitaire—a ring  
which bore within it the inscription  
*Cor Cordium*, in token that she pos  
sessed his very heart of hearts. It was  
a legend which had created consid  
erable amusement in the family, for  
Edith's little cousin, having read it,  
asked, "Did you ever play on the  
*acordium*, Edith? Then what did  
Mr. Massey put it in your ring for?  
That's what I want to know."

"Not one of my favorite pieces,"  
said Edith, in her unhappy reverie,  
"sounds well upon this piano; posi  
tively it is fit for nothing but 'Home,  
sweet Home.'"

She struck a chord or two of the  
dear old song, and then, as though  
desperate, dashed recklessly off into  
some rollicking Offenbachian chorus.  
Edith Rushmore's voice was one of  
wonderful compass, pure in quality,  
and cultured to a faultless degree of  
exactitude and taste. The most diffi  
cult passages were sung with appar  
ently no effort. Her singing was like  
that of a bird—something spontane  
ous, almost beyond her own will, while  
it was like a perfectly constructed in  
strument in its absolute accuracy. It  
was a voice that had been carefully  
trained for the opera, and was supple  
mented by a decided talent for acting,  
and a graceful, majestic figure capable  
of making a striking appearance upon  
the stage. But Edith had not made  
the debut to which she had looked  
forward through long years of study,  
for Roy Massey, who had come abroad  
to purchase machinery, had heard her  
at a private soiree at Paris, and had  
confessed that the only way to his  
heart of hearts was through the ear.

All of Edith's fortune had been ex  
pended upon her musical education,  
and Mrs. Rushmore, a worldly-wise  
little woman, saw no sacrifice in her

daughter's exchanging the chances of  
success or failure in the career of a  
public singer for the certainty of a  
husband with half a million. She was  
tired, too, of jaunting about, of living  
in a shabby way in Milan, in Leipsic,  
and in Paris, and she longed to pos  
sess once more the substantial com  
forts of a home in New York State.

And so they had come to Pitch  
burgh, where were Mr. Massey's ex  
tensive gas works, and where it hap  
pened a well-to-do sister of Mrs. Rus  
hmore's resided, from whose house  
Edith was to be married. All this  
was a great and sudden change for  
Edith. She was young, and liked  
novelty. Their private, shabby way  
of living abroad had not troubled her,  
while she had enjoyed intensely the  
attractions of the great, gay, beautiful  
cities. Pitchburgh, with its many  
smoky chimneys rising,

"Like the afrite in the Arabian story,"

from Mr. Massey's many chimneys,  
was a dark picture even in the golden  
frame which his fortune lent it. To  
do her justice, she did not care much  
for his fortune; what she did care  
for was excitement and admir  
ation. Mr. Massey admired her, and  
there had been some excitement in  
her first courtship; but now that the  
novelty of the situation was wearing  
away, she began to wonder if for her  
own happiness she had chosen wisely  
after all.

The wild drinking song which she  
was playing was interrupted by a loud  
booming noise, as of the firing of a  
royal salute; then there was a strange  
preternatural hush, and another and  
another crashing report followed. The  
house trembled, and the plate-glass  
windows in its front were shivered;  
there was a banging of doors, and  
people were hurrying out of the house  
in alarm. Edith opened one of the  
shattered windows and stepped out  
upon the balcony; the air was filled  
with smoke, and men were pointing  
toward the Massey gas-works. The  
tall chimneys had suddenly disappear  
ed, and flames were fast covering a  
shapeless mass of ruins.

Roy Massey was standing in his  
office when the explosion took place.  
He had just handed the books back  
to his book-keeper after a careful re  
vision; his business during his short  
trip in Europe had been very prosper  
ous. He felt that he might venture  
to leave it for a longer time. Where  
would Edith like to go for a wedding  
tour? he wondered. He was repaid  
now for the work of a lifetime. He  
had compressed forty years of ordi  
nary labor into twenty, and now at  
thirty-five could sit down with nothing  
to do but to listen to Edith's singing;  
and half unconsciously he hummed  
a little song he had learned from her:

"O wie ich mich dann  
Das ich dich lassen kann—"

Then came the explosion—a noise as  
though the seven angels of the Apoca  
lypse had sounded together—and a  
strong, invisible hand smote him to  
the earth.

The engines were on the spot play  
ing promptly into the burning ruins,  
the hook-and-ladder companies were  
actively doing their work, and a score  
of earnest men were plying pickaxe  
and lever where a white-faced work  
man pointed a shaking finger. Men  
were buried there—whether alive or  
dead God knew—and the rescuers  
worked with a will, treading on the  
burning debris as though the burning  
coals were to be minded no more than  
thistles. Among the eager crowd that  
the policemen kept back with their  
clubs, side by side with the frantic  
wailing widows and orphans of the  
poor colliers and workmen, in the ele  
gant dinner costume in which she had  
waited her lover's escort to a musical  
soiree, stood Edith Rushmore. The  
wind blew toward them from the fire  
a sirocco of heat and cinders, but she  
shivered and shook before it as though  
it were a blast from the pole. Sudden  
ly she sprang past the policeman,  
tearing her dress from his grasp.

Three men were bearing a body from  
that part of the works which had been  
the office. As they staggered into the  
nearest uninjured building, temporar  
ily cleared as a sort of hospital, the  
finely cut intellectual face, so deadly  
pale, and the tall, athletic figure of  
the owner of the works, were recog  
nized generally by the crowd. Slow  
ly, in his own room, Roy Massey came  
back to life. He felt that he had been  
stunned; he hardly knew what had  
happened; but he asked no questions.  
The utter stillness about him now was  
very refreshing. It was exceedingly  
thoughtful in them all to open and  
close the doors so noiselessly; there  
was not even the customary whisper  
ing with the doctor, and his house  
keeper had exercised a degree of dis  
cretion for which he would never have  
given her credit. She must have re  
moved her squeaking new boots, which  
never would grow old and never could  
lose their squeak, and had annoyed  
him so much in his well days, for now  
she glided about as noiselessly as a  
spirit. They had carried the mocking  
bird off somewhere, and—Pshaw!  
how could he be so foolish? Of course  
the works had stopped, and there was

no use of listening for the puff of the  
engine and the occasional shrill warn  
ing of the whistle. The silence was  
good, and he was very grateful. Edith  
sat by his bedside, looking at him  
mutely with great wistful eyes, and  
he pressed her hand and fell asleep.  
But as several days passed he began  
to weary of this monotony of stillness.  
"Has the doctor told you all not to  
talk to me?" he asked, as no answer  
came to one of his questions. "Never  
er mind; do as he bade you; but I  
will rebel when he comes." He noticed  
their puzzled and anxious faces. "Don't  
look so distressed, there is nothing  
the matter with me. Tell them they  
need not muffle the bells any longer;  
it must make a deal of inconvenience."  
When the doctor arrived he seemed  
to Roy to be talking, for his lips moved,  
but he could not hear a word. Then  
the physician placed his watch at  
Roy's ear, and Roy laughed. "I am  
not a baby," he said, "to be amused  
in that way." The doctor did not re  
ply, but next introduced it into his  
mouth. Thus forcibly gagged, he  
could only remain quiescent, while his  
persecutor wrote upon a bit of pre  
scription paper: "Do you hear it tick?"  
and held the slip before his eyes. As  
soon as the watch was removed, Roy  
replied: "Of course I can't hear it  
tick; the thing has stopped;" and  
then, as he saw Edith weeping, he  
asked: "What are you all acting in  
this crazy way for? Will somebody  
please explain." And again the doc  
tor wrote, and held before him the  
words, "You are deaf." "Impossible!"  
exclaimed Roy, sitting up in bed.  
"Edith darling, sing to me—sing one  
of your stunnors;" and Edith, stand  
ing close beside him, sang. The tears  
were in her eyes, but her voice was  
never clearer; it would have reached  
the topmost row of boxes in the great  
theatre of Milan. Roy watched the  
heaving chest, the swelling throat,  
with an expression of mingled affright  
and despair. He dropped her hand  
and threw his arm across his face.  
"It is true," he cried; "I am deaf,  
stone deaf."

Time passed on; the effect of the  
shock had gradually worn away; Roy  
Massey mingled again with his fellows.  
There was much in the repairing of  
his building and the re-establishment  
of his business that needed his active  
and personal superintendence. He  
found that his relations with mankind  
were not, after all, so greatly altered.  
He had long been his own correspond  
ing secretary; now all of his business  
had to be carried on by correspond  
ence. It was only as if he had moved  
away from everybody—so he told Edith  
—and was obliged to carry on his  
financial operations from the country  
of No Man's Land.

Nowhere had the barrier of distance  
so sensibly interposed as in his in  
tercourse with Edith. Formerly, when  
he called, after their first greeting, he  
threw himself in a lounging position  
upon the sofa, and she, without wait  
ing for request, took her seat at the  
piano, where she played and sang for  
him throughout the entire evening.  
There might be other guests there; it  
did not matter; Roy knew very well  
that she was not playing for them,  
but for him. Now he always found  
the piano closed, and Edith came di  
rectly and sat beside him, answering  
his spoken remarks by little notes  
scribbled upon the leaves of his tab  
lets, which leaves he tore off as soon  
as written, and committed to his vest  
pocket.

"There is one advantage in this  
state of things," he said: "I shall have  
more love-letters than men generally.  
But, Edith, it has been a sad interrup  
tion. Do you know we were to have  
been married ere this?"

Edith bowed her shapely head. "I  
am afraid you will misunderstand me,"  
she wrote, "but I want you to consent  
to putting off the marriage for a while.  
I have received a very remarkable of  
fer to travel through the United States  
as a star with a reliable opera troupe.  
I don't believe you realize how the  
current of my whole life has set to  
ward music, how I have worked and  
looked forward to this. I don't be  
lieve I realized it when I said that you  
were the only audience I ever cared  
to have."

The nervously moving 'little hand  
was stopped by his calm one. "And  
now that audience of one has failed  
you. Yes, I believe I can understand,  
little girl, and you are free to go."  
"But, Roy, Roy," she began, speak  
ing impulsively, and in her earnest  
ness forgetting that he could not hear,  
until, with a sad smile, he placed the  
pencil between her fingers. "I do not  
want to break the engagement. I only  
want to go and try my wings a little,  
and then I will come back to you, Roy  
—I truly will. I will give it all up,  
and marry you now, if you say so; but  
I thought, perhaps, since it is all so  
different—"

"There are some things in which I  
do not even see any difference," said  
Roy. "I still want my wife to be all  
my own, and not the world's. But it  
is selfish to long for a thing which I  
cannot even appreciate." He lifted a

little volume of Jean Ingelow's from  
the table, and read from it:

"Ah! why to that which needs it not,  
Methought, should costly things be given!  
How much is wasted, wrooked, forgot,  
On this side of heaven!"

And your voice shall not be wasted,  
Edith. Go and sing; and if you ever  
change, if you ever come to care for  
the home nest more than for the wide  
world be sure you will not find me  
changed; you will find me here just  
as you leave me, and meantime you  
are free," and rapidly turning over  
the leaves of the book, he found another  
passage, marked it, and placed it  
in her hand. Then he rose abruptly  
and left. And Edith, wondering wheth  
er to be glad or sorry, half minded to  
call him back again, read:

"I can be patient, faithful, and most fond  
To unacknowledged love: I can be true  
To this sweet thrill, this unequal bond,  
[This yoke of mine that reaches not to you.]"

[To be continued next week.]

## NOTES FROM PROF. JOE TURNER.

HOUSTON, TEX., May 23, 1879.  
MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—I got off at  
this place last Monday morning, and  
am about starting for Galveston.

This is a fine city of 25,000 inhabi  
tants, and is a little more than three  
days' journey from New York.  
I have seen the old house which was  
once the capitol of the Republic of  
Texas when General Samuel Houston  
was its President. It is a first-class  
hotel.

General Houston's life and actions  
are too well known to need a repeti  
tion. He once made General Santa  
Anna prisoner at the battle of San  
Jacinto. He lies buried in Washing  
ton county seventy five miles from  
Houston. I am told that he had seven  
full grown sons when he died. I have  
a letter of introduction from St. Louis  
to his sons, but I cannot find any of  
them. They may have all moved  
away.

It is so very hot that we cannot do  
much here. The gentlemen have re  
course to umbrellas like ladies.

Sincerely yours,  
JOE TURNER.

GALVESTON, TEX., May 24, 1879.  
MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—At Houston  
the thermometer stood at 90° in the  
shade at 3 o'clock last Wednesday, in  
consequence of which I could not ful  
fill my appointment that night. They  
told me that the exodus northward  
(not the negro exodus) had just com  
menced. I left that flourishing city  
yesterday morning and arrived here at  
1 o'clock P. M. Bishop Gregg, of Texas,  
traveled with me, and we had a pleas  
ant conversation. He said: "I have  
the original subscription book of con  
tributions in St. David's Church (my  
old parish in South Carolina) taken  
up in 1774 for the suffering poor of  
Boston, Mass., and forwarded through  
the committee of safety." Look at the  
great change.

I am sorry that I cannot have a  
service here to-morrow on account of  
the heated term. I have to start for  
New Orleans this afternoon. They  
are selling green corn, water-melons,  
musk-melons, peaches, plums, black  
berries, &c., ahead of you.

Yours sincerely,  
JOE TURNER.

OBITUARY.—Last Friday's Boston  
*Traveler* contained the following obit  
uary of Miss Henrietta Spencer, a  
former resident of Garland:

Miss Henrietta Spencer, aged 38,  
born in Garland, Me., died in South  
Boston, April 14th, after a short sick  
ness, of typhoid pneumonia. She had  
been blind 28 years. She was edu  
cated at the Institution for Blind at  
South Boston, where for the past ten  
years she has supported herself by  
running a sewing machine in the work  
shop connected with the institution.  
Working by the piece, as she did, it  
often became difficult to obtain more  
than the bare necessities of life. She  
was an expert in bead and worsted  
work, which she did when her hands  
were not otherwise employed. She  
had remarkable courage, a very pleas  
ant disposition, and had many friends,  
who look upon her loss as her gain.  
She leaves no relatives, her parents  
having been dead twenty years. The  
cause of her blindness was the burst  
ing of a percussion cap by a playmate,  
pieces of the cap entering her eyes.  
After a prayer and some kind words  
by Rev. Mr. Rand (who had known  
her for years), and singing by her  
blind friends, at the house of Mr. Gil  
bert, where Miss Spencer died, her  
remains were taken to Garland, where  
services at the church of which she  
was a member were held. She was a  
good Christian, and her chief desire  
was to die without asking for public  
support, which she did.

"An international Post Law went  
into effect on the 1st inst., which in  
cludes in its scope nearly all the civil  
ized countries of the globe. The pos  
tage is now uniformly placed at five  
cents per half ounce. This will take  
a letter around the world.

## STRAY NOTES FROM MOLINE.

MOLINE, ILL., May 23, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—It affords me  
pleasure to write for your valuable pa  
per. Your readers would like to hear  
from the West.

I am much pleased in reading your  
paper, particularly Mr. Turner's let  
ters, which are always full of interest.  
Every Friday evening I always wel  
come it. It is a very useful paper for  
the deaf-mutes. It always gives them  
pleasure like a good visitor.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. A. W.  
Mann conducted their service at Rock  
Island, Ill., Tuesday evening, May 13th.  
It was very well attended, but some  
failed to attend in consequence of much  
rain and bridges out of order. The  
next day Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Rev.  
A. W. Mann rode in a ferry-boat to  
Davenport, Ia., to preach to the deaf  
mutes. Both days were unfavorable  
for them, and there was a very small  
attendance. Their sermons absorbed  
our attention.

Mr. Edwin Brashar, of Rock Island,  
Ill., is a farm-owner. He has a wife  
and two children, who are almost all  
deaf-mutes. He and his wife were  
both educated at the Illinois Institu  
tion.

Mr. Joseph Schupp, of Rock Island,  
is an industrious man, and works in a  
saw-mill. He was educated in Illinois  
and Iowa.

Mr. Jacoby Hamerly, formerly a  
pupil of the Pennsylvania Institution,  
is in the employment of the Rock Is  
land arsenal. He is proud of his wife,  
she being a fine-looking lady. They  
were made happy by the appearance  
of a little boy six months ago.

In your paper I noticed that Mr.  
Austin wants to know the address of  
Jacoby Hamerly. It is Box 1,043,  
Rock Island, Ill.

Miss Alice Chenoweth, of Daven  
port, Ia., is a graduate of the Illinois  
Institution. She is a fine lady, of in  
telligence and refinement, living with  
her parents, and is talking of going  
east on a visit to her friends and re  
latives.

Mr. L. Willy, of Davenport, Ia.,  
cleans the streets. He says he is very  
much pleased with your paper, and  
will subscribe for it when he earns  
money to do so. He was being edu  
cated at the Iowa Institution, and was  
going to school last fall, but Superin  
tendent Folsom told him to wait till  
next fall, on account of the main build  
ing not being finished.

Mr. Charles Miedke, of Moline,  
works at the Deere plow works. He  
is a good talker. He always gives us  
lots of fun, and we are very much pleas  
ed with him. He was formerly a print  
er.

Mr. George Hixson, of Lampico, Ill.,  
came to Rock Island to help Mr. Ed  
win Brashar repair his house.

Mr. and Mrs. Gardner came here  
from Waterman, Ill., and visited their  
friends and relatives for almost one  
month. They said they were pleased  
to chat with us. Their appearance  
was that of a happy couple. They  
went on their way to Nebraska to re  
side on a farm. May God bless them  
with health, happiness and prosperity.  
Mrs. Gardner is a Swedish woman, and  
a graduate of Stockholm. She came  
here about ten years ago, and became  
a dress-maker.

Moline has a population of 9,000 in  
habitants, and contains ten or fifteen  
factories. Among the noted names is  
John Deere, the best manufacturer of  
plows, who has 600 men in his employ.  
Here the people are mostly Swedish.  
I am of Swedish descent.

Last Sunday Mr. James Lewis, of  
Anamosa, Ia., lectured to the deaf  
mutes at Jacoby Hamerly's house, and  
we were much interested in his lecture.  
I, being a first-class cobbler, support  
my widowed mother. I left school  
about three years ago, though my  
education is not finished, owing to my  
supporting her. I take your paper  
and study books. I feel to improve  
by studying your paper, being a sup  
port to the deaf-mutes. I now write  
well.

Yours, etc.,  
CHARLES J. ROSENDAHL.

## MATTHEW CLARK.

ODESSA, N. Y., May 26, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I have some  
thing to tell you about Matthew Clark.  
His old mute friends and relatives who  
have known him well will know him  
no more forever. He had traveled  
west and south. About 18 years ago  
I happened to meet Mr. Clark near  
Whitewater, Wis., first just after his  
return from Texas. I had a long con  
versation with him. He said that he  
was once a teacher at the Wisconsin  
Institution for two years, under Prin  
cipal Jenkins. He left there when  
Professor Officer, of Illinois, was elect  
ed the new principal. He made up  
his mind to go to Texas. He said  
that he was the first man to start a  
deaf-mute school at Austin, Tex. He  
taught a few deaf-mute pupils for a  
long time. He said that the directors  
asked him if any one of the best teach  
ers at the New York Institution would  
make a good principal. Mr. Clark  
told them that Mr. J. Van Nostrand

would. The directors made Mr. Van  
Nostrand an offer, which he accepted  
and went to Texas. After a while Mr.  
Clark was respectfully advised to leave  
the school, as the directors were against  
him.

You could not recognize him if you  
were ever to meet him. He was a  
large, portly man, with a wide massive  
head, fringed around by jet-black hair,  
a broad, flabby face, of dark complex  
ion, with brown eyes. He was a dan  
gerous man when in a quarrel. He  
told me that he would never return to  
New York State in his life.

I went to Minnesota with Mr. Clark  
and Wm. Harrison to seek our for  
tunes. Mr. Clark was suddenly miss  
ed, when we were at Winona, Minn.  
There was no trace of him for a few  
years. I heard that he was in Georgia,  
in misery, and was unfortunate. He  
committed suicide, after an uninterr  
upted intoxication. But I heard that  
he was shot and killed by a planter.  
I cannot believe these reports about  
him. I believe that he died some years  
since in the South. W. W. Miles re  
ported that Mr. Clark was drowned in  
the Nebraska River. I cannot believe  
that report.

Mr. Clark asked me many questions  
about you and his old classmates, and  
Miss Danglois, of whom he often  
thought.

Mr. Clark told me that he was proud  
of his beautiful wild horse, which was  
caught in Texas. He sold the horse  
for \$25 when he left Texas for Wis  
consin again.

Yours truly,  
JOE.

## ELMIRA JOTTINGS.

ELMIRA, N. Y., May 25, 1879.

DEAR EDITOR:—In accordance with  
my deaf-mute friends' wishes, I send  
you some jottings. The weather is  
very warm and very dry. Many peo  
ple wish for rain and cool, pleasant  
weather. "O, summer come, and  
breathe thy breath upon us, and all  
will be well."

An unusual interest seems to be tak  
en by our citizens this year in "sick  
ing up" and making their dwellings  
and surroundings look attractive; little  
flower beds dotting green lawns and  
yards, nicely cleared of the leaves and  
garbage of a long, severe winter. Ev  
ery sidewalk is bordered by rows of  
maple and other trees to shield us  
from the sun. Elmira is a beautiful  
city.

The Elmira Deaf-Mute Literary  
Club is now out of sight. It hasn't  
had a session for two years. It is un  
derstood that it has "busted up," just  
like a bomb-shell when exploded. Owing  
to the scarcity of money, its mem  
bers couldn't afford to come to the  
club from their far homes; rather stay  
at home, "sweet home," and read than  
make pantomimical gestures at the  
club.

Augustus Christ, it is said, has chang  
ed his mind



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50. Clubs of ten, 12.50. If not paid within six months, 2.00. These prices are invariable. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter.

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Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

## WHERE THE CONVENTION IS TO BE HELD.

As announced elsewhere by the president and secretary, the officers of the Empire State Deaf-Mute Association have decided that its next convention shall be held at Buffalo, to open on the 27th day of August next.

As before suggested, Buffalo is not the point which we would prefer to be selected for the convention in view of the fact that several other places, located nearer the central portion of the State, would have tended to lessen the expenses of attendants from many outlying districts, thus, to a large extent, equalizing the distances to be traveled over to get to the convention, which, perhaps, would insure a larger number of visitors from the outside sections of the State; but it is presumable that the location was selected with no mercenary motives, and in good faith that the officials of the association were doing what they conscientiously considered would prove to be for the welfare of the association. It is certainly to be hoped that the results will prove that the selection was guided by wisdom.

A detailed programme of the convention will soon be issued by the officers of the association and will be published in due time in the JOURNAL.

Aside from its lack of being centrally located, Buffalo is, in many respects, a very desirable place for holding the convention, and it is safe to predict that all who attend it will receive hospitable treatment and enjoy a few days in a most magnificent manner. As for ourselves, we shall endeavor by all means to attend the Buffalo convention, counsel our friends to do likewise, and doubt not that the convention will be a social and financial success.

## GAINED AT LAST.

Prof. P. A. Emery, principal of the Chicago day school for deaf-mutes, now well realizes the Biblical saying of "He that persevereth shall overcome." His long-continued efforts to get a bill to pass the legislature for the support and maintenance of his school for deaf-mutes have at last been crowned with victory. The appropriation is \$15,000, and, although a little sum was asked for two years ago, it was not until after a lively fight that the bill wended its way triumphantly.

Finding no real friend (to say nothing of the bogus ones) of the deaf and dumb at the late Teachers' Convention at Columbus, O., he began to feel a little discouraged, but still kept alive his hopes and on the lookout. Last January he found that Professor L. H. Jenkins, ex-superintendent of the Kansas Deaf and Dumb Institution, was perfectly willing to station himself in Springfield in the interest of the cause. As soon as circumstances admitted Mr. Emery sent for Mr. Jenkins, who at once went to Chicago for a personal conference. Believing that Mr. Jenkins was a true friend of the deaf and dumb, for Mr. E. is a keen observer of human nature and can easily tell a true friend of the mutes from a counterfeit, and seeing that he was a firm believer in small schools conducted especially for their moral and domestic training, as well as a good school education, and also in giving well "heart and head qualified" mutes the preference as teachers and employes in and around such schools, till a large percentage of them were employed, Mr. Emery then posted Mr. Jenkins off for the State Capitol on February 7th, four weeks after the legislature had been in session, and Professor Jenkins has been kept right there all the time, closely watching the bill and keeping malicious, selfish and ambitious so-called friends of the deaf and dumb from having anything to do with it. What is strange (taking into account Emery's poverty), Mr. Emery employed Professor Jenkins at his own personal expense until the appropriation was obtained. This is self-conclusive proof that Mr. Emery is a true friend of the deaf and dumb; for his efforts and sacrifice were not, as all must see, to secure a place for himself, (he is principal and what higher position might he reasonably expect?) but for the

sole benefit of his own people and their cause. Mr. Emery would probably rather be a teacher in a regular school than stand in the way of a larger field of labor as principal of a day school for mutes, nor does he expect his labors and sacrifices to be fully appreciated in this life. It is quite wonderful that such poor men as Professors Jenkins and Emery could succeed in overcoming prejudices, long usages and the combined influence of the Illinois Institution. Had we more of such men the character and standing of deaf-mutes would perhaps be second to none, and we would now have a hundred schools instead of about fifty, and some of them too large to be of much use to the mutes. Their great size and imposing appearance foster a false pride in the mutes, and inflate their conceit, and also rear them in habits of idleness for want of more regard to habits of industry. It is equally true that large schools for mutes are merely courting places—something admitted on all sides, and yet we have known none to come before Mr. Emery and declare that reformation in mute schools was and still is necessary. The interest of the army of little mute children collected in such large institutions cannot be looked after and the pupils trained and taught as they should.

May heaven bless those two noble and philanthropic men in this world and reward them in the world to come. We know there are many teachers and principals of mute schools, but we can quite easily distinguish those in sheep's clothing from others who are true friends to the deaf and dumb and who devote their time and labor for their especial welfare.

## THE OPERA NEXT FRIDAY NIGHT.

W. C. Stone, of Camden, formerly of this place, and well known to most of our citizens, was in town on Monday, arranging for the presentation of the popular opera H. M. S. Pinafore, at Washington Hall, on Friday evening of this week. This opera has had a remarkable run all over the country, and when Mr. Stone assures us, as he does, that his company is not excelled in it by any troupe traveling, we are bound to believe him.

## THE EIGHTH CONVENTION.

ROME, N. Y., May 31, 1879.

The Eighth Convention of the Empire State Association of Deaf-Mutes will be held at Buffalo, N. Y., commencing Wednesday, August 27th, 1879, and continuing probably till Friday, the 29th. Invitations have been sent to many distinguished men of the profession, and a large attendance is expected.

Prof. Thomas H. Jewell of the New York Institution, a gentleman of education and power as a sign-maker, will be the orator of the day.

Buffalo, with the exception of New York and Brooklyn, is the largest city in the Empire State. Its attractions are many and varied. Situated on Lake Erie, it affords the opportunity of a delightful excursion by water to the world-wonder, Niagara Falls; and arrangements for such a treat are now being perfected.

There will be appropriate evening religious services, under the direction of Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, during the meeting, date of which services, together with other features of importance, will appear in a programme soon to be published.

ALPHONSO JOHNSON, President. FORT LEWIS SELINEX, Secretary.

## WHO CARES.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I see that "Alumnus" in a recent issue of the JOURNAL objects to my suggestion in regard to dropping the words "Deaf-Mute" in the name of this college, and asks, if the name were to be changed to National College, "would not this change lead some of the speaking people to misunderstand the real object of the college?" What is that to us? The college is not for the speaking people. So if the deaf and dumb understand it, and there are none so stubborn that they cannot, then all is well. He ironically suggests that the name be changed to "National University" and thus make our friends believe that Yale, Harvard, and Cornell have all taken "back seats." But, besides being ridiculous, this would be digressing from the path of truth, since, according to Webster's definition, a university is a place where all the branches of learning, or the four faculties of theology, medicine, law, and the sciences and arts, are taught, while here, as is well known, only the sciences and arts are taught! Can you not give us something more substantial and unmixt with irony, "Alumnus"? Respectfully,

I. N. HAMMER. National Deaf-Mute College, May 26, 1879.

## A Table.

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

JUNE 8th, 1879.

## MORNING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 8th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Genesis i. 2d Lesson—Matthew iii. Collect, Epistle and Gospel for Trinity-Sunday.

## EVENING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 8th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Genesis ii. 2d Lesson—1. John v. Collect, Epistle and Gospel for Trinity-Sunday.

## The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

With the May 29th number the *Star* closed up for its summer vacation.

The front walk of the Colorado Institution has lately been greatly improved.

Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Emery have removed to 203 West Indiana street, Chicago.

Some of the Colorado Institution pupils will spend their vacation at the institution.

All the pupils of the Colorado Institution were recently treated to a free circus show.

Epidemic house cleaning, with all its attendant horrors, recently attacked the Kansas Institution.

The Lincoln County (Mo.) Deaf-Mute Church Union will hold its third quarterly re-union June 15th, 1879.

Miss Mabel Harding, of Edgecomb, will go to the American Asylum next September. The papers are nearly all prepared.

CHARLES H. Angle, of Topeka, Kan., recently visited the Colorado Institution. He was educated at the Illinois Institution.

Is "Ernestine" will sign her address to her articles. "Bambler" will not only tell her who she is, but also write her a jolly love letter.

GEORGE E. Kohler, of York, York county, Pa., would be pleased to receive information as to the present whereabouts of Thomas Stodd.

One evening recently the officers and older pupils of the Ohio Institution attended an operatic performance at the Institution for the Blind.

NINETY-EIGHT in the shade at the Kansas Institution "Bambler" will not only tell her who she is, but also write her a jolly love letter.

PROFESSOR J. P. Ralston, of the Colorado Institution, is suffering from bilious fever. His youngest child, Ralph, who is sick, is recovering.

It is rumored that Professor Emery, of the Chicago deaf-mute day school, has secured the appointment of James Gallagher as assistant teacher.

The story began in this week's paper will be continued in two more numbers, and is one with which we doubt not our deaf-mute friends will be well pleased.

A card from George A. Holmes, of Boston, Mass., wrote to us May 29th, stating that his wife was failing fast and it was feared that she could not live a week.

It is said that William Glenn, a dentist, of Muncie, Ind., has been appointed Superintendent of the Indiana Institution, vs. Thomas MacIntire removed.

At a more nominal price, the inmates of the Ohio Institution were lately admitted to Cooper & Bailey's menagerie and circus, which they enjoyed very much.

While the Colorado State Medical Association was in session at Colorado Springs some of the members visited the Colorado Institution, and expressed much pleasure at the pupils' progress.

The little boys have had their hair cut close, and their useless surcular organs stand up with provoking prominence on the side of their heads. They say their ears are neither ornamental or useful.—*Index*.

We are informed that D. W. George, of Chicago, is employed as clerk in the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad freight depot, also that Mr. and Mrs. George have lately moved to No. 293 Cass street.

Revs. Gallaudet and Mann held services in Chicago May 11th as per announcement. Nothing noteworthy occurred. About the usual attendance was present. Miss Hackett, of New York, was there. She is staying with relatives in Chicago.

PAINTER GEO. W. EVANS has been from Orange City looking as happy as a clam, which means that he found work plenty there. Later: He is again off to Orange City, hard at work. George will always find all the work he can do.—*Pattersonville, Ia., Index*, May 14, 1879.

A "cricketer" writes to us from the Central New York Institution (Rome, N. Y.) that the Cricketers, of that institution, and the Clippers, a speaking nine of Rome, played a baseball game on the institution grounds May 24th resulting in 28 for the Cricketers and 11 for the Clippers.

MR. E. D. HUNTER, of Chicago, had an attack of measles about the middle of May. No damage resulted beyond his being confined to his room for a week and being subjected to a kind of medical treatment that he despised. He is entirely well now and has resumed his occupation of compositor in the *Prairie Farmer* office.

AAONIS FULLER, a deaf-mute, died in Deerfield, Mass., May 22d, aged 70 years, and was buried on the 25th. He was a graduate of the American Asylum, and married Miss Sophia Smith, of Westfield, also a graduate of the American Asylum. He was a respectable farmer, and had a small, nice farm of his own. His wife survives him, and is 76 years old.

"BAMBLER" writes that he is a single man, and that if "Ernestine" is also single, and is as pretty as her writing proves, she is smart; and he may pro-pro-propose; and that if she knows who the lady is that "Down Easter" mentioned she must kiss, but never tell; still "Bambler" doubts it, as he has, and still does, correspond with more than one mute lady. Will "Ernestine" write to "Bambler" if she knows his address?

The Chicago Deaf-Mute Society held two meetings in the Bible Work room of Farwell Hall recently, and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: P. A. Emery, President; D. W. George, Vice-President; G. A. Christensen, Secretary; William Sullivan, Treasurer, and Miss Atta Loh, Librarian. It was decided to accept the kind offer of the manager of Farwell Hall to let the mutes use the Bible Work room and hold meetings regularly on the first Sunday of each month.

The mute friends of Mr. Samuel Norris, of Chicago, gave him a pleasant birthday surprise party April 19th. Mr. Norris is now comfortably situated in a neat cottage at 1,380 Dearborn street. He is the proud possessor of a fine six-months' boy whom he expects will some day be President of the United States. He has a good situation as a stone-cutter in a large stone-yard, and receives pay promptly at the rate of \$3.25 a day. He was educated in England, where they take more pains to thoroughly instruct the mutes in a good trade, to enable them to make a living, than to give them that sort of education which brings no bread and butter.

Says the San Francisco *Libero* Observer of May 16th: An event occurred in this city on Sunday last, which was as interesting as it is rare. Miss Carrie Aronson, a deaf-mute, residing with her parents in this city, was united in wedlock to Mr. Julius Morris. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. B. Rosenthal, grandfather of the bride, assisted by the Rev. M. S. Levy, of San Jose. Under the *Chappie* the newly united couple were impressively addressed in English by Rev. Levy, whose words were made intelligible to the bride by Mr. Wilkinson of the State Deaf and Dumb Institution who, simultaneously with its delivery, imparted the address to the bride in the same language, consisting of signs made by the fingers. At the conclusion of the ceremony Miss Aronson was visibly affected.

At last accounts all were well at the Missouri Institution.

It takes three pairs of shoes a season for the girls at the Colorado Institution.

The Missouri Institution pupils were recently treated by Professor Tate to a stereopticon view.

PERCUNO quails is absorbing considerable of the spare time of the boys at the Michigan Institution.

C. L. Williams writes us from Green Bay, Wis., May 28th, that after 10 days' examination before a justice he was discharged on the 27th ult.

SEVERAL mild cases of measles lately appeared among the inmates of the Kentucky Institution, including the principal's wife and three or four of his children. All the patients, at our latest accounts, were either well or convalescing.

At Petersburg, Va., last week, a negro who had been deaf and dumb from birth was baptized with about fifty others of his race, and when he came up from the river he exclaimed "Thank God." The scientists are excited over the case.

J. W. McAlexander, of Slayden Crossing, Miss., who is a subscriber, thinks our paper the best he ever read. Mr. McAlexander says his cotton looks very "sorry" this year, but his corn and wheat are fine. He expects to go to Memphis on business in a few days.

GEORGE W. EVANS, of Pattersonville, Sioux county, Ia., works at home and sign painting, gluing, craining, painting charts and curtains for lodge rooms, glass notices for houses and churches, and guarantees satisfaction or no pay. All orders for work in his line may be left with H. Bear, furniture dealer, Canton, D. T., or they may be sent to Mr. Evans at Pattersonville, Ia.

Mrs. Anderson's great walking feat is to be covered with the mantle of oblivion by a lady living at Wilmington, O., named Jenkins. She is engaged to hold her tongue 10 minutes in each quarter of an hour for a \$10 spring bonnet. Her husband holds the stakes. The lady's trainer, says a telegram to the Cincinnati *Commercial*, is a deaf-mute.—*Ex*.

CHARLES P. FOSDICK, of Louisville, Ky., says: "By the United States census of 1870 there were returned 96 persons who were deaf and dumb and blind; 59 who were deaf and dumb and insane; 7 who were deaf and dumb, blind and insane, and 11 who were deaf and dumb, blind and idiotic. There were also returned two deaf and dumb women over 100 years old, one in Missouri and the other in New York."

THE JOURNAL, getting things as near right as it ever does anything about this institution, says that "about fifteen Catholic blind pupils, boys and girls, were expelled from the Michigan Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind," etc. Now, as not one pupil was expelled, but six were "suspended," we give credit for being as near correct as possible for it to be.—*Mirror*. (The information was sent to us from one of our correspondents, and the mistake has long since been corrected in our paper. *See JOURNAL*.)

LAST Monday week Mr. Kerr determined to give the pupils their May party. It was a very warm and fine day, so the pupils, attended by the teachers, assembled on the Green just north-east of the institution. Soon a swing was hung up, and a croquet ground laid off; but the pupils mostly enjoyed the swing. The day passed off quietly and without accident, to the apparent enjoyment of all. This beautiful Green contains something like 10 acres, and is shaded by several stately old elms and oaks, and pyramid umbrellalike haw-trees.—*Deaf-Mute Record*, (Fulton, Mo.), May 24.

ROSWELL HOWE, a deaf-mute, residing at Watertown, was struck by a locomotive on the Utica and Black River Railroad yesterday morning while walking on the track and instantly killed. He always persisted in walking on the track when going to and from the business part of the city, against the strong remonstrance of his friends, but fortunately at that time he escaped injury. He then said he would never go on the track again, but he neglected to keep his resolution only a short time.—*Oswego Times*, May 30. [Mr. Howe was an uneducated man, about 70 years of age, and his wife is a sister of Mrs. Milton A. Jones, a deaf-mute, of Sand Hill, N. Y.—*Ed.*]

NOTHING appeals so much to human sympathy as the condition of those whose special affliction debars them from community of thought and expression with their fellow creatures. All information, therefore, we can gather respecting the education and training of the deaf and dumb is both valuable and interesting. The report of the Western Pennsylvania Institute for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb just issued will repay careful perusal, and will tend to make the character, condition, and necessities of the efforts for the education and elevation of this peculiar class of unfortunate better appreciated by the community at large. The institution in question is neither an almshouse nor an asylum, but an educational institution designed to meet the requirements of a number of children whose infirmity debars them from the advantage of the public school system. It is, in our opinion, clearly the duty of the State to undertake the responsibility of the education of these unfortunate, and not to pauperize or degrade them by leaving them to the mercies of the work-house, or the efforts of individual charity. It must be an additional calamity, and add greatly to the bitterness of life for them, to reflect on their dependent condition. An intelligent and liberal State would do so much to diminish these feelings, and would raise their social position from that of paupers, or objects of charity, to that of children of the Board Schools, whilst in adult life they would be free from that feeling of dependence that invariably clings to the child in the almshouse or asylum. We hope in this respect England will not be long in following the example set by many of the States of America.—*London Lancet*.

## THE ST. LOUIS SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

There was a special service for deaf-mutes in Christ Church, corner of Thirteenth and Locust streets, yesterday afternoon, the occasion being the arrival in St. Louis of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, who had long been identified with the moral education of the deaf-mutes in this country. There were about fifty persons present, males and females, as interesting looking a group as one could see, and one would marvel when looking upon their intelligent faces why they cannot give utterance labially to the sentiments they feel. They speak with their fingers and eyes with facial expressions to indicate all the thrillings of their souls. The majority were residents of St. Louis, but several came long distances to attend the service, one family coming from a place in Illinois sixty miles away. One marked feature of the service was the baptism of an adult female and an infant, the former being Mrs. Sarah Jane Chappell, and the little one, whose parents are deaf and dumb—the father, a tall, well-made

and robust man, and the mother a young and comely creature, Mr. and Mrs. Brown—being christened Henrie Celidia.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, of New York, conducted the services, and was assisted by Rev. A. W. Mann, of Cleveland, O., an itinerant. After the regular orthodox religious introduction, the reading of Psalms and prayers, Dr. Gallaudet Preached—in the sign-language—on the ascension of the Savior, sketching His life and drawing the moral that if his hearers followed in His footsteps, imitating His good works and His virtues, and heeding His counsel, they too would ascend into the abode of the blessed.

The church work for deaf-mutes was begun in New York, in September, 1850, by the institution of what was known as the Thursday Evening Bible Classes.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet was the originator of it. So successful was he in his labors that ere long many deaf-mutes became christianized by being baptized and confirmed and admitted to the communion table. In the course of two years, in October, 1852, St. Ann's Church, on Eighteenth street, was established for special instruction to deaf-mutes, and in connection with the church a mission was created in 1872 under the general management of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet. The mission embraces the whole United States, Mr. Gallaudet making periodical visits to the several localities. Last winter he traveled through the Southern country evangelizing, and was most successful. His arrival in St. Louis is the termination of a tour through the North-east.

Among the local friends of the deaf and dumb must be mentioned Mrs. Bailey, a zealous and devout Christian lady, who has acted the part of a mother toward many of the deaf-mutes in St. Louis, looking after their education and moral well-being. Her sympathy for this class was no doubt aroused by the affliction which her daughter suffers and has endured since her infancy, having completely lost her sense of hearing. Miss Bailey associates with the deaf-mute a good deal, and is, as may be expected, an expert in the sign-language.

In the evening a similar service was held by Dr. Gallaudet in St. George's Church, and was attended by quite a large and interested congregation.—*St. Louis Daily Globe-Democrat*, May 26, 1879.

## THE MICHIGAN INSTITUTION INVESTIGATION.

[*Flint, Mich., Democrat*, May 17th.]

The results of the investigation we publish to-day, not because we think them of great importance, but because our readers will probably have great curiosity to learn what has been brought out of the management and discipline of the institution. It would be perhaps a little harsh—to say that the columns devoted to the testimony and proceedings of the investigation, though condensed as much as possible—are thrown away and filled up with matter in itself, comparatively useless and uninteresting. The almost endless repetitions of the witnesses under the time-consuming direct and cross-examinations, were very tedious, especially when every member of the committee and every person interested, knew all the facts of importance in the case or pertinent to the expulsion. How the religious regulations of the Institution four or five years ago, or even one or two years ago, can have any bearing upon the plain issue presented by the recent expulsion—or suspension, whatever it may be properly called—it is impossible to discover; and yet the committee allowed counsel and witnesses the greatest latitude and some of the testimony went back to the time when another Principal had charge. That was all nonsense and a waste of valuable time, for under the resolution empowering the committee, they came to the city to investigate the recent expulsion and the facts connected therewith. They did not come here for the purpose of learning if there had been religious persecution for some time past, though if any such could have been proven, doubtless they could have taken cognizance of it and embodied in their report what they learned concerning it. But, from the testimony of all the witnesses, we cannot discover that there has been a system of religious persecution, or that, except in a few instances, the principal and teachers of the Institution have exercised an undue authority in restraining the children from doing what their conscience could not assent to. On the contrary, as was shown by the testimony of the pupils, Mr. Parker had allowed them many privileges that we think should have been refused in a State Institution. The pupils all unite in testifying to the kindness of all the teachers, and to their satisfaction with everything about the management of the institution, except in matters of religion. As far as we can see the investigation has brought out no new and startling facts. Some minor occurrences have been flooded with all the light opposing counsel could throw upon them, but, unfortunately, they had little to do with the real business before the committee. The facts of the expulsion are substantially as related in the *Democrat* of last week. The children had doubts about singing the mass and went to their priest for advice; he advised them not to sing, and they told their music teacher and Mr. Parker they could not conscientiously sing the mass. The Board gave them the alternative of singing or going home; they could not sing, so they went home. All this sifted down means nothing more than that the Board thought they had power to compel the children under their charge to sing the words of the mass.

We think the Board has no such power, and our opinion, as expressed in the *Democrat* of last week, remains unchanged. The case for the Legislature to pass upon, or for the Supreme Court to decide, is not whether there has been religious persecutions for years past or not; but whether the Board of Trustees have exceeded their delegated power in this instance, or not, whether they have the power to compel the singing of the mass or of words similar, or whether they must avoid, in the teachings of the Institution, words, phrases, and sentences belonging to a particular religion. In deciding so plain and untrammelled an issue, no difficulty would be experienced, and an authoritative decision in this case, that will be applicable to all others of a like nature, is a desideratum. The Constitution of the State should be strictly followed, if harmony is to reign in our public schools and institutions. It is by no means infidelity to advocate the exclusion of religion and any religious ceremonies from our institutions. The makers of the Constitution of the United States recognized the impossibility of finding any one religion or form of religion that would satisfy all, so they ignored all religions; in that the Constitution of our State followed that of the United States, and no religion or particular belief is recognized by it; and if we would have our State asylums and schools conducted in a harmonious manner and with the greatest profit to the inmates and pupils, as well as the State, we must insist on the close adherence to Constitutional provisions. The rule of the Flint Institution, compelling the pupils to attend religious exercises and worship, is obviously against even the letter of the Constitution and is therefore void. Many look with fear, if not with horror, upon the prospect of taking from the children under the care of the State all religious instruction, and they prophesy terrible results to the children. But we can see no more evil results than those resulting from the constant controversies and disputes which arise under the present state of affairs. The only way to avoid controversy is to as far as possible avoid all causes of controversy, eliminate from all institutions of a public nature, exercises and worship of a sectarian nature, and you give no denomination an opportunity to find fault with what they may term discriminations. What the investigating committee may report is, of course, unknown, but what would naturally be their report as made up on the testimony can be inferred. A direction to the Board of Trustees to make themselves more familiar with the Constitution and laws of their State, and especially to become closer acquainted with the rules, regulations, and discipline of the institution they govern, of which rules and discipline they, on the witness stand, showed a lamentable ignorance. It is impossible that the members of that committee, some lawyers, will justify the action of the Board in turning away those unfortunate children, but if they should justify that action—from a partisan or prejudiced bias—there remains a tribunal whose decrees, founded on the results of ages of reason, are binding on all alike and before which the Legislature, as well as the weakest man in the State, must bow in acquiescence. To that high court can the children—if refused justice at the hands of their Legislature—appeal with the assurance that there they will receive justice.

## Local Paragraphs.

Mrs. David Goit has lately been visiting friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carpenter, of Brownville, are visiting at H. Wilder's.

Several reviving and generous shows recently have done much for crops.

Save your spare nickles and go to the unequalled shows Wednesday, June 11th.

Frank Hemenway and his mother came home last week and spent a few days.

Rev. W. F. Hemenway spent last Sunday in Rome, where he went to officiate at a funeral.

Mr. Alfred Hollister had the misfortune to have an arm fractured by a runaway accident last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Parkhurst left last Saturday for home, intending to stop over Sunday with friends in Syracuse.

Rev. Mr. Waugh, of the New Haven M. E. Church, very acceptably supplied Rev. W. F. Hemenway's pulpit last Sunday.

Theodore Green, who has lately been quite sick, is not going back into Taylor's drug store; Earl Taylor is now occupying the position.

The new and tastefully painted sign recently put up at the Boyd House is one of the many specimens of fine work accomplished by George Landers.

Mr. F. D. Myers, of Philadelphia, formerly of this town, made us a short call one day last week and subscribed for the JOURNAL. Mr. Myers is in the produce and fruit trade in Philadelphia.

Several gentlemen from Oswego were in town one day last week, conferring with gentlemen here in regard to the Veteran Soldiers' Re-union. Another committee meeting is soon to be held in Oswego.

On June 11th, afternoon and evening, Pullman & Co.'s great London shows, the most wonderful traveling shows on the globe, will exhibit in this village. This show is strongly endorsed by the press, and we doubt not, it will be largely patronized by the people of this village and surrounding country.

Editor Munger, of the Sandy Creek *News*, made us a very brief but pleasant call to-day (Tuesday). The call was very much enjoyed by us at least and we hope it will be repeated.

G. W. Hawley has moved into part of the Misses Beebe house; Erastus Blakeslee into Mrs. Daniel Holmes' house, and Mrs. Holmes into the lower part of the house occupied by Anson McDonald.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Parkhurst, of Chicago, former residents of this village, have lately been visiting parents and friends here. Mrs. Parkhurst, who has been out of health for some time, was very much benefited by her recent medical treatment at Clifton Springs.

The West Side House at Mexico Point, Mr. Milton Kenyon proprietor, is a very desirable summer resort for private and picnic parties, transient callers and permanent boarders. This hotel has one of the most obliging of landlords, plenty of good attendants, its tables are well supplied with substantial and delicacies, there is plenty of stabling and feed for horses, and guests can be supplied with pleasure boats.

Our citizens should be sure to attend the Pinafore at Washington Hall, Friday evening, June 6th. Without doubt, this is the most popular operatic performance traveling at the present time, and the Camden Musical Union is everywhere hailed with the greatest delight. The simple fact that Mr. Walter C. Stone, a former well-known and highly respected resident of this village, and now proprietor of the Camden *Advance*, is Manager of this Opera is a guarantee of its success and the satisfaction of its patrons. Our advice, for what it is worth, to our friends is to be sure to attend the Pinafore.

Mrs. John Wickwire, familiarly known as "Grandmother" Wickwire, died on the evening of Wednesday, May 28th, after several weeks of severe suffering, at the great age of 95 years, which she attained on the 8th of May last. Her funeral services were held in the M. E. Church of this village, last Thursday forenoon, and the sermon preached by Rev. W. F. Hemenway, pastor, Mrs. Wickwire having long been a devoted member of that church. Mrs. Wickwire retained her mental and physical faculties remarkably, but age had considerably impaired her vision and hearing. Mrs. Wickwire was a very intelligent and amiable woman, of undoubted Christian virtues, and leaves a large circle of mourning relatives and friends, by whom she is deeply lamented.

Decoration day was observed here in an appropriate manner, as it has been in the past in this village. At about 2 p. m. the procession, embracing firemen, Huntington Guards, veteran soldiers, and civilians, the Helicon Band and the military band, took up the line of march for the cemetery. Postmaster Alfred acting as marshal. Arriving at the cemetery, the veterans and military proceeded to the decoration of the dead soldiers' last resting places, and at its conclusion nearly all present gathered in the south-western portion of the grounds to listen to the oration. After a fine piece of vocal music Mr. Amos Thomas, our village Postmaster, announced prayer from Rev. J. H. McGahan, and at its conclusion he introduced Rev. J. R. Lewis, the orator. The prayer was beautiful and impressive, the oration patriotic and befitting the occasion, the vocal and instrumental music appropriate and delightful, and the ceremonies of the day passed very pleasantly, notwithstanding the intensity of the heat. The exercises closed about four o'clock.

Expectation in this village and its vicinity was for several days raised to its highest point in anticipation of a passing glimpse of Smart's steam wagon, which was recently constructed in Oswego and left that city one day last week for Mr. Smart's place in the north-easterly portion of this county.

Various rumors at different dates were received here of the oncoming "elephant," but the "critter" didn't seem to approach very fast. However, "



Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

CHANGING THE BABY'S NAME.

It seems that the name of the "National Deaf-Mute College" is just beginning to shock the dainty sensibilities of a few vain pin-feathered youths at that institution, and they are whining for a change.

From the discussion they have among themselves, it appears that they are unable to agree upon a substitute. They complain that the length of the name is too prodigious for their limited endurance—they get exhausted and feel obliged to pause in the middle for a breathing spell before they can proceed to the finish. They also complain that the word "deaf-mute" is "too much" for them—too much for their exquisite fine feelings! If this is all, the proper advice to these changelings is to "dry up" or, if they prefer,

"Wipe off your chin, pull down your vest, Go live a hail, and give us a rest."

The reason why they consider the name too long is they assume everybody to be as *lasy* as themselves and, consequently, unable to spare the effort which the spelling of two or three extra letters would require.

If they have neither the time nor the disposition to use the name in full, they are at liberty to use abbreviations intelligible to those to whom they are addressed. Most mutes, in speaking to each other of the college, refer to it as the "Washington College," the "Deaf-Mute College," or simply "College," as they do not know of any other deaf-mute college in the world to get it mixed up with. Some use the name of the place where the buildings are situated—"Kendall Green"—as pretty a name as can be applied to any place, regardless of whom it was intended to honor. That is the name by which the place is known to most of the people in Washington. No one is more familiar with it than the post-master of that city of magnificent distances.

"Student" showed a level head in suggesting that the graduates should be consulted before any changes are made in the name. There are nine classes that have graduated since the college was christened. Every member of those classes has "National Deaf-Mute College" inscribed in bold, plain characters upon his "sheepskin." They would be at a loss what to do with them unless they send them back to be exchanged for others, having the new name. It is customary in naming children to name them once for all. If the name happens to be too long, or too harsh for convenient utterance, a mellifluous pet name is given, while the actual name remains unchanged. This practice is commended to the careful study of the youngsters who are dissatisfied with the name which the college has sailed under for the last fifteen years. They had better hunt up some short and sweet pet name to soothe their exquisite fine feelings.

As to the word "deaf-mute" causing unpleasant feelings—bosh! "Reminds us of our infirmity"—bosh! What disgrace is there in being deaf and dumb? Why ashamed? Is it any fault of their own that they are so situated? If any are found making fun of them, and applying the pet name "dummy" to them, can't they gently remind them that "it is a fool's wisdom to laugh at the unfortunate?"

There may be more cause for regret than shame over the loss of hearing; still to show regret, and useless repining, life-long "crying over spilled milk" isn't the manly thing.

"What can't be cured, Must be endured."

and endured with grace. In every-day life they see a thousand things that ought to be far more forcible reminders of their infirmity, yet it is doubtful whether they pause once in a thousand times to think "What a poor fellow am I!—Can't hear! Boo! hoo! o-o-o!" They are credited with more sense than that, yet they complain that the name of the college constantly reminds them of their infirmity! Well, truly, they are in a pitiable case. On inquiry, they will find that students who really are reminded of their infirmity by the name of the college are not any more numerous than hens' teeth.

Verily, it appears high time for all the cats, dogs, horses, cows, mules, and other domestic pets to get up a rousing indignation meeting and denounce Mr. Bergh in unmeasured terms, and enter their most emphatic protests against the adoption of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." They have a most righteous cause for earnest indignation, inasmuch as they are wantonly stigmatized as animals and thereby reminded of their inferiority to the human race. This name, long as it is, and inappropriate as it may seem, is commonly reduced to "Humane Society."

A glance at many institutions of learning in this country will show that they bear the name of some wealthy wight, who, while living, itched for post mortem fame, and when he had no further use for worldly wealth, bequeathed immense sums of money for their establishment and annual support. In casting about for some one to give the honor of having founded our college, it might be well to ascertain who were the gentlemen who sat down in an easy chair and, with pen in hand, argued the feasibility of a college for deaf-mutes. Who was it that founded the college on paper? How much honor is due them for this practical age to decide. It would be well to remember who, from his earliest childhood, fondly looked into the distant future with the hope of founding a deaf-

mute college, and successfully pursued that hope to its final realization. Who was it that nerved himself to overcome the obstacles that impeded the enterprise at every step. The idea of a deaf-mute college was considered by profound statesmen as vain a chimera as was once the overland railroad to the Pacific coast. It was necessary to disabuse their minds of this impression before the college could secure the Government support, without which it would have, for some time, to remain one of the things that never were. Few are aware of the herculean efforts that he put forth to establish it on a firm basis, and the unremitting toil and watchfulness, by day and by night, that guided the now magnificent institution safely through the storms of the first ten years of its existence. There are not many students of the college who do not know that the gentleman referred to is Edward M. Gallaudet, the first president of the first deaf-mute college in the world. He has as good a claim to the distinction of having the college named after him as has any man living.

There is still another man whom we should ever hold in grateful remembrance. He is a long and lean old man, now in the 103d year of his age. He still wears that slender goatee, that upward expanding white stove-pipe hat, that swallow-tailed coat, and those stunning striped pantaloons. Well, it was this dear, good old Uncle Sam that furnished the cash to construct and run the machine. It is his machine. In justice to him the college ought to be named "Uncle Sam's National Deaf-Mute College," but the whole-souled old gentleman modestly allowed his name to be kept in the back-ground.

Well, seriously, does it not appear that every word in the name of the college is proper and advisable? First, "National" is right because the institution is for the benefit of the whole nation. It belongs to it and is supported by the national Government. It is as much the property of the nation as is the National Soldiers' Home, and is located at the National capital. "Deaf-Mute" is right because it shows for whose benefit the college is intended. It is the one word that distinguishes it from all other colleges. It is not for Indians—not for negroes (unless they are deaf), but for deaf-mutes. The word "deaf-mute" simply describes a class of people, and its sole business is to recognize an existing fact. One reason, above all, why the word "deaf-mute" should not be eliminated is that it at once attracts the attention of all who meet the name. It arouses their interest in the institution. They may visit or make inquiries in regard to it, and make it more extensively known throughout the country. Thus the knowledge of its existence would reach some deaf-mute and be the means of sending him there to enjoy all the advantages of the higher education which Uncle Sam so generously places within his reach. The writer is aware of two or three cases in which young men lost their hearing after obtaining a limited education in common schools, and never heard of the college until a few weeks before they entered it. There may be more of this class of mutes still ignorant of its existence. This state of things is bad enough; but why is it proposed to make it worse by taking away the great distinctive feature of the name and concealing the college for deaf-mutes behind the name of some private individual of whose history or connection with the college nobody in general knows anything about? Simply because it hurts the exquisite fine feelings of a few vain pin-feathered youths to know that they are deaf-mutes? As for the word "College," there is no dispute about that. It is named a college because it unquestionably is a college.

Perhaps some slight improvement upon the name could be devised, but the name that has given general satisfaction for the last fifteen years is good enough for all time to come, on the general principle that it is best to let WELL ENOUGH ALONE. EX-STUDENT.

Chicago, Ill., May 27, 1879.

MR. FOSDICK'S STATEMENTS FOR "P.'S" BENEFIT.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., May 30, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—In the issue of your valuable paper of May 22d appeared an article headed "Questions of the Hour," signed "P.," which is such a tissue of misrepresentations and falsehoods that I am at a loss to tell whether it is the product of ignorance or malice. The writer asserts that deaf-mutism is fearfully on the increase and that deaf-mute institutions are springing up all over the country, while during the last twenty years there has been no increase in the number of institutions for the blind. This supposed increase he attributes to the intermarriage of deaf-mutes, and he wants such marriages interdicted by law, as he says is done in some countries in Europe. He considers it unnecessary to furnish census returns or other statistics to support his position. He probably thinks his eloquence enough to convince your readers. All of his assertions I pronounce false, and, with your permission, I will give a few figures and facts.

First, for his statement that while deaf-mute institutions have increased, those for the blind have not. Previous to the year 1850 there were in the United States 10 institutions for the blind and 12 for the deaf and dumb. In the year 1870, twenty years after, there were 27 blind and 36 deaf-mute institutions. These figures show that not only have institutions for the blind increased, but that the ratio between the two is almost exactly as it was twenty years ago.

Of course the number of mutes is greater now than in 1850,—they have increased as the population has,—but I maintain that not only has there been no increase of deaf-mutes as compared to hearing people, but that there has been an actual decrease. The proportion of mutes to hearing people during the past 50 years is as follows: 1830, 1 deaf-mute in each 1,954 persons; 1840, 1 in 1,123; 1850, 1 in 2,153; 1860, 1 in 2,276; 1870, 1 in 2,380. How has it been among the blind? Just the contrary. The census of 1830 gives 6,106 deaf-mutes and 5,444 blind, a considerable majority for the former. In 1870 we find 20,026 blind persons to 15,892 deaf-mutes. How does "P." account for the fact that during the short space of 40 years the blind have caught up with and passed the deaf and dumb and are now in such an overwhelming majority? My figures are taken from the able article on the "Deaf and Dumb" by Henry Winter Syle in the *American Cyclopaedia*, Vol. V, from the article on the "Blind" in Vol. II of the same work and from the different census reports. They speak for themselves and require no comments.

I had supposed that the exploded doctrine that marriage between mutes necessarily produced deaf-mute children had long since been discarded by all educated persons; but this letter of "P.'s" shows that there is at least one ignoramus remaining who needs to be enlightened. All persons who have given attention to the subject know that deaf parents almost always have hearing children, and that, though we occasionally find such parents with a mute child, the proportion is not greater than among hearing people. In this city and in its vicinity are living forty-two deaf-mutes and not one of them has a deaf-mute parent. There is also one elderly couple, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gibson, both deaf-mutes, who have had eight children, four of whom are living, and every one of the eight could hear and talk. There are plenty of such families in this and other States to prove how little "P." understands the subject he is talking about. If he or any one else wishes to investigate farther let them consult the back reports of the great institutions of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and other States, where the subject is discussed at length by those who have the very best opportunity for observation.

Will "P." be kind enough to tell me in what country the marriage of deaf-mutes is prohibited? I know of no place in which such tyranny exists nor place it be in the Kingdom of Birmah or among the Zulu tribes. Does he suppose a prohibition which would deprive several thousand persons, whose only fault is their misfortune in lacking one of the five senses, of one of the dearest rights of man—that of marrying the object of his love—could ever be put in force in free and enlightened America? If he is so anxious that the growth of deaf-mutism should be checked by legislative enactment let him immediately petition Congress to pass an act abolishing the scarlet and spotted fevers, the two most active recruiting agents for the ranks of the deaf and dumb. The difficulty of enforcing such an act is no greater than in the former case. I do not know how it is where "P." lives; but here, in the West, his statement that the country is overrun by deaf-mute beggars is entirely false. Since I first entered the institution at Danville, Ky., I have never seen a deaf-mute beggar, while I have seen lame beggars and blind beggars by hundreds.

"P." wants the institutions to stop trying to send their graduates to college and try to "send them forth from their *alma maters* armed with good trades, good habits and good principles." Will "P." show me an institution, either in this country or Canada, that is not straining every nerve to do these very things? The institutions are doing a noble work, and I have never seen a public spirited taxpayer who grudged the sums spent on them. Where "P." lives or what his real name is I do not know and I do not care, but as I never express opinions of which I am ashamed to acknowledge the authority I subscribe myself, Your servant,

CHAS. P. FOSDICK.

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE NOTES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 29, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—A joke that was more practical than judicious in its nature has been going on, within this college, for over a month. I spoke, in a former letter, of the visits to the ear doctor—and that is where the joke comes in. The first two students who went to see the doctor, called at the address given us by the clerk. They saw no sign of the medical profession on the house, but, readily accounting for it by the thought that Dr. Richey had only taken temporary residence in the city and had not considered it necessary to hang out his name, they dismissed the matter from their minds and, without more ado, rang the bell. A negro servant opened the door to them and, taking their cards, ushered them into the waiting-room. In a few minutes a lady—the hostess of the house—entered, bowing to them, and remained standing a while as if expecting her visitors to explain the object of their visit. But as none was offered, she took a seat near by, still looking askance at her strange guests, while they, supposing that when they gave their cards, stating that they were students of the National Deaf-Mute College, the purpose of their coming was known, made themselves at home, reading the newspapers or talking with each other. After a quarter of an hour or so had been spent in this way, no doctor came,

and, getting restive under the continued gaze of the lady, they began to suspect that all was not right, and, taking out their tablets, they asked her when Dr. Richey would see them. Their astonishment and chagrin may be better imagined than described when the old lady answered, "Dr. Richey does not live here—he lives a block further down." Begging the lady's pardon, they hastened out and found the doctor's sign in the next row. Considering the whole affair as a good joke, and loving company for misery's sake, they did not tell the rest of the mistake that had been made in the address given by the clerk. Those who soon followed in their wake and met with the same experience, had wit enough to see the joke and to keep it to themselves. As was natural, many amusing blunders took place, only a few of which space will admit of description here. To the first few callers the lady of the house gave the address of the doctor, but, as these visits were repeated day by day, she grew suspicious of some trick that was being played on her, and in one case she gave a false address, which led to a wild-goose chase around the city. In another case, she pointed out a house on the opposite side as the residence of the doctor, and just as the deluded student was coming down the steps of that house, after having been told by the servant at the door that Dr. Richey did not live there, he looked in the direction of the old lady's house and saw her face wreathed in smiles at his ill success. Thus the joke grew on until twenty-five of the students had fallen victims to it; but "murder will out" and so did the joke. The last victim speaks quite feelingly of the old lady's manner, who, he said, reminded him of "Patience on a Monument."

We have lately had another joke. As a party of the students were riding in a horse car to the Columbian College grounds, to witness the match game between our nine and that of the college, they noticed a portly looking gentleman who seemed to be watching the motions of their hands and fingers, with an interest quite different from that of curiosity usually shown by strangers. He smiled when they laughed, following with a look of intelligence all that was said. Annoyed at this persistent curiosity, some of the party began to make personal remarks not very complimentary to the listener. The proverb says "Listeners never hear good of themselves," but the stranger only laughed the more, as if he understood what was said in reference to himself and was amused at it. This matters stood until the strangers rose to go out when he turned at the door and, in unmistakable signs, told the astonished party that he was a deaf-mute like themselves and that his name was Welty. With that he bade them good-day and went out, leaving behind him sadder but wiser men. This Mr. Welty is the same who works in the Government printing-office as a type-setter. By the way, the Kendalls beat the Columbian College nine by a score of 13 to 6.

A Prep. recently made a pet of a forlorn shepherd's dog which had the misfortune to stray on to this green. We discovered that he had one accomplishment—that of singing, for it kept time to the song of a student, barking at regular intervals, now with a low and then a loud voice and, anon pausing, as if in measure to the words or music. Another student, who cannot speak a word to save his life, tried to extract the "sweet melody" from the canine songster, but his voice, being something dreadful, to judge from the sequel, instead of soothing, so frightened the dog—probably by being more like the bray of an ass than anything else—that it turned on its heels and leaped through a window, shattering the glass to pieces; but the strangest part of the story was that the dog, when seen again, had not the least scratch upon its face or body. It has since fled to parts unknown, no doubt frightened by the bray of the ass mentioned above.

The New York Institution has a remarkable curiosity in an armless boy, and that reminds me of a one-armed student that we have here. His left arm, though not entirely out of use, was so disabled by a fall in infancy as to be almost useless. He has learned to use his right arm with singular facility in making signs. At our last concert he went to the platform and, with only his surviving arm, made a few remarks in signs that we had but little difficulty in understanding. The reason for this apparent impossibility lies in the fact that he acted as if he was still using his left hand, and so made all his signs in conformity with this idea. Despite this disadvantage he stands well in his class (Freshman) and bids fair to graduate. Owing to this accident, he uses his fingers oftener in talking than any other student in the college.

The last lecture of the winter series was delivered by Professor Gordon upon some branch of chemistry. The lecture was very practical. After telling what he knows about oxygen and hydrogen he invited a few of the students to inhale some nitrous oxide or, in common parlance, "laughing gas," which he had manufactured for the occasion. The effects upon those who took the gas were amusing. Colonel Sawhill was among the first to accept the invitation, and, in a style even more forcible than that in which he usually expresses himself, he broke out into the song of "The Ugly Maidens," with such an effect that the audience was convulsed with laughter. Without being aware of what he was doing, the Colonel took out his huge handkerchief and waved it, in flirtation, just as the old maidens did when they were in the full bloom of youth. Alfred F. Wood followed him with his favorite declamation of "Sheridan's

Ride." After much persuasion, Charles C. Codman, of Chicago, who is almost a perfect master of pantomime, took the gas and then went into a wonderfully graphic description of the "Locomotive," imitating even the loud puffing of the engine with his voice, until the house nearly shook with laughter. Many other students followed, but I need not name them all. It was a curious fact of the whole that those who took the gas did not clearly know what they were doing, and when their scattered senses came back to them, they immediately stopped in the midst of their wild talk and sat down feeling as much ashamed as if they had made fools of themselves. These experiments rendered the lecture most interesting we have ever enjoyed. Professor Gordon seems to perfectly understand the old saying, "variety is the spice of life."

In regard to changing the names of this college, would not that of the "National Deaf-Mute—Gallaudet—Kendall College" suit all parties? But joking aside, while one party desires to honor Rev. Dr. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet and another, his son, Edward M. Gallaudet, to whom more than to any other man, living or dead, the college owes its existence, I don't see but that in honoring the father we honor the son and *vice versa*.

A new branch of study has been added to the curriculum of the Preparatory Department by a manual of punctuation, of which Professor Hill, of Harvard, is the author. This is a study which deaf-mutes need to learn thoroughly and well, as the most ridiculous blunders have been caused by a want of punctuation at the right place.

A Prep. was describing a dream, in which he saw a donkey calling out to him, "Come with me, brother," whereupon a Junior remarked, "Dreams have come true for once."

We have been honored with a visit from Professor Covell, Principal of the West Virginia Institution, upon business that has been made public.

A new pump has been put on the base-ball grounds for the benefit of thirsty players.

E. P. HOLMES' RECENT TRIP.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Please insert in your paper the following description of my recent visit to the Nebraska and Iowa deaf-mute institutions, going purposely to meet Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. A. W. Mann, but at the same time hoping to see and learn all I could of the two cities of Omaha and Council Bluffs. I was not disappointed, as you can judge from the following. My wife was expecting to accompany me, but, not feeling very well and many other circumstances preventing, I was obliged to go alone.

Taking an early morning train on the Kansas City, St. Joseph and Council Bluffs Railroad, I had a pleasant trip and was much interested in the scenery, a bluff range running irregularly from 5 to 10 miles from the railroad east of the railway and the river on the West all the way to Council Bluffs, about 50 miles distant, where the railroad runs on level ground all the way into the city.

I went directly to the residence of Mr. Thomas Officer. Waiting till they had finished family prayers, Mr. Officer came to me and asked if I was a mute. I replied that I was and a former pupil, but as he did not recognize me I called his attention to my lame foot and he at once asked me if I was Holmes and I replied "Yes." He greeted me cordially. Mr. O. is a dear friend, and I was greatly pleased to meet him after twenty-five years' separation. He was the first principal of the Illinois Institution. He resigned his position and removed to Council Bluffs in the year 1854, where he has been in the banking business ever since. He has a fine residence opposite the beautiful city park. I had hoped to meet Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. A. W. Mann at his residence. Not finding them there, he accompanied me to the house of Rev. Mr. Webb, rector of St. Paul's Church. There I found Dr. Gallaudet, whom Mr. Officer had never seen. After a short visit, in which both seemed much interested, Mr. Officer went to his bank, leaving me with Dr. Gallaudet. We lunched with Rev. Mr. Webb. Rev. A. W. Mann soon came from the Iowa Institution, where he had spent the night.

We, including Rev. Mr. Webb, then went to call on Mr. Talbot, former principal of the Iowa Institution; from there we went to Mr. Officer's bank and then separated. Dr. Gallaudet going in the afternoon to Omaha to meet an appointment of addressing the pupils in the Nebraska Institution, also to preach in the cathedral on the following day. Mr. Mann went to meet his two speaking brothers, and Mr. Officer invited me to his house. After dinner he gave me a delightful ride, showing me several elegant residences on the high cliffs, on the edge of the town, overlooking the city and Omaha, and a good view of the new iron bridge across the Missouri River there. Later in the afternoon he sent his man to take me to the Iowa Institution, where I spent the night. Sunday morning the man came for me.

After a short call at his residence, I went to the transfer station, a fine building. There I met Mr. Mann, Mr. Folsom, principal of the Iowa Institution, his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Southwick and Mr. Simpson, all teachers in the Institution. All ferrying is abandoned between the two cities. The Union Pacific company runs a dummy train for the accommodation of passengers and four or five hollow cars (this train is called *Metamora*) for teams to drive on to the same, so on to a ferry-boat, a very nice arrangement and much quicker than by ferrying. Some of our party went in the coach, others went by carriage on one

of the hollow cars. When we reached the depot, a large, splendid building, in Omaha, we understood that Dr. Gallaudet was already preaching, so we adjourned to the post-office, a large building, substantially built and looking very nice, to decide the best way of getting to the Nebraska Institution. After some amusing discussion, we finally agreed that six could go in Mr. Folsom's carriage and six could go in Mr. Gillespie's. The last named reached the institution first. We in Mr. Folsom's carriage came near having a serious accident while going down a steep hill. A bolt dropped out, letting the tongue fall down, but, fortunately the horses were held, and it was quickly adjusted, and we went on, reaching the institution safely and with good appetites for a splendid late dinner. Dr. Gallaudet had spent the night at the Nebraska Institution, holding an early service for the pupils there, and then preaching to the speaking people in Omaha at a later hour.

Rev. A. W. Mann had an afternoon service at the institution. The evening services at the cathedral in Omaha were exceedingly interesting. While Rev. A. W. Mann lectured to the mutes on the necessity of the sign-language as a quick medium of conversation among deaf-mutes, Dr. Gallaudet addressed the hearing portion of the audience on the origin and progress of the sign-language. At times he also addressed the deaf-mute audience, which was the largest I ever saw.

Dr. Gallaudet and Mr. Mann left on the night train for St. Joseph, Mo. I remained at the Nebraska Institution till Wednesday morning, having a good opportunity to see the management of the institution, which is in every way good. A new State and a new school, one cannot yet expect the completeness of the Illinois Institution, but as far as it goes it is in every respect equal to that, and all the time improving. I also visited the barracks, near Omaha, and many important parts of the town, which has several large splendid public buildings and extensive railroad factories, in the latter of which about 1,000 men are now employed, and other manufactures. Omaha is, truly, a thriving young town of between 25,000 and 30,000 inhabitants. I was much pleased with both Omaha and Council Bluffs, especially the former, and would be exceedingly glad could I make it my home. I returned to Nebraska City well satisfied with my trip.

Yours sincerely,  
Ed. P. HOLMES.

Nebraska City, Neb., May 26, 1879.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—All mutes are always interested in reading your excellent paper.

The winter has gone and spring has come. The weather is very beautiful to-day.

On the 16th of last February Rev. John Chamberlain conducted Holy Communion services for deaf-mutes at 9 A. M., and conducted services in the afternoon. He preached a good sermon. His signs are good and clear. About 50 deaf-mutes were present. On the following evening he lectured to us on his travels in Europe. He gave us a very interesting lecture, and thanks were rendered to him.

Rev. H. W. Syle has not preached since last December on account of poor health. He has been in Virginia for the benefit of his health. "The Rt. Rev. Wm. Bacon Stevens, Bishop of Pennsylvania, told him that he should not work any more for one year. I have not heard anything of him yet, but hope God will spare his life."

Mr. George W. Campbell and Miss Annie Purvis were married on the 13th of last February. Rev. Enoch Stubbs, pastor of a Methodist church, performed the ceremony. They were both graduates of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and are now living here.

Mr. D. Blair, of Baltimore, and Miss Mary Zimmerman, of Millstown, Pa., were married last December. Mrs. Blair graduated from the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in 1876. She has a deaf-mute brother, Joseph, who is a farmer. He was married to Mr. Blair's sister in 1871 or 1872, and they have three children.

Mr. S. Brown, of New York, is in town. He got employment here a few months since. He says if he likes to stay here, and can get good work, he will move his family here.

Misses Kyle and Stewart, of Wilmington, Del., both graduates of the Pennsylvania Institution, were in this city a few weeks ago and spent their time pleasantly in visiting us.

On the 2d (Friday) evening of this month Rev. John Chamberlain baptized four deaf-mutes, namely: Misses Emma Martin, Mary Hammuel, L. Glenn, and Dora Hart, and preached to us about confirmation.

On Sunday morning, May 4th, the Rt. Rev. Wm. Bacon Stevens confirmed six deaf-mutes in St. Stephen's Church, Rev. John Chamberlain interpreting for the deaf-mutes.

On the 18th of May Rev. John Chamberlain celebrated the Holy Communion in the morning and preached us a good sermon in the afternoon. I felt very glad to see about 40 deaf-mutes receive Holy Communion on that Sunday. Between 20 and 70 always attend the church services regularly.

Bishop Stevens, of Pennsylvania, has given Messrs. Martin Fortescue and Henry Stevenson licenses as lay-readers. They are making good improvement in conducting the services, alternately, every Sunday afternoon.

We still have a Bible-class. Mr. Fortescue has taken the responsibility of teaching the male class, and Miss Kate Keen is a teacher of the female Bible-class. During the absence of

Rev. H. W. Syle we have good assistants, who perform his duties in regular religious services.

On Thursday evening, May 15th, the Guild meeting was held in the chapel, in rear of St. Stephen's Church. Mr. Cullingworth, the warden of the Guild committee, announced that the annual election of officers of the Guild committee would proceed. The secretary, Mr. Fortescue, and treasurer, Mr. McKinney, gave us all annual abstract reports, which were satisfactorily accepted. The committee of six was elected as follows: Messrs. Fortescue, Henry Stevenson, McKinney, J. Leutz, Mrs. Van Covert and Miss E. P. Parker. Thanks were unanimously tendered to the retiring committee for their faithful labor.

On Thursday evening, May 22d, the Philadelphia Literary Association nominated officers for the ensuing year as follows: President, Messrs. Fortescue, Marong, and Breen; First Vice-President, G. Campbell, Paul, Jaggard, and Breen; Second Vice-President, Blankens, Stubbs, Ferner, and Bayne; Secretary, Guss, J. D. Zeigler, Fortescue, and Maroney; Treasurer, Fortescue, Guss, Mickening, Paul, and Slifer; Trustee, for three years, Guss, Zeigler, Marony, and Fortescue; Chaplain, H. W. Syle, Fortescue, and H. Stevenson. The following officers for the ensuing year were elected: President, M. C. Fortescue; First Vice-President, Mr. Jaggard; Second Vice-President, Mr. Bayne; Secretary, Wm. E. Guss; Treasurer, Daniel Paul, Jr.; Trustee, for three years, J. D. Zeigler; Chaplain, Rev. H. W. Syle. Mr. Guss received a majority of 21 votes, which was received with applause. The new officers will be installed on the last Monday of September next. Mr. John Zeigler declined with thanks re-nomination for president. I think Mr. John D. Zeigler makes a good president for the association. He has worked hard for the interest and welfare of the deaf-mutes. It is said that he is the youngest president of all since the association was organized in 1865. He is 25 years of age and weighs 193 pounds, I was told. Mr. M. Guss makes a good secretary.

On the 9th of May President Zeigler called the Literary Association to order and announced that we would make arrangements for having a deaf-mute excursion and picnic. Mr. M. W. Cullingworth resolved that a committee of five be appointed by the chair to make arrangements, which was unanimously adopted. The chair named Messrs. Wm. E. Guss, Joseph Roop, J. D. Zeigler, Mrs. Van E. Covert, and Miss Effie L. Parker. Mr. John D. Zeigler is the chairman of the committee on arrangements. He has to notify all deaf-mutes that the picnic will take place at Glenolden Grove, 7 miles from here, on the 12th of July next. We expect there will be more than a hundred deaf-mutes present. If any of your readers wish to attend the picnic they can get tickets from the committee for only thirty cents each.

On the 29th inst. Professor A. C. E. Croton, of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, delivered a lecture before the Literary Association. He gave us a beautiful and interesting lecture on "Self-culture," and thanks were unanimously tendered to him. He was elected an honorary member of the Cleric Literary Association, as he has always acted for the interest and welfare of our association. The association and the Philadelphia Guild will be suspended from next June until next fall.

Yours truly, OBSERVER.

A SAD AND FATAL ACCIDENT.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., June 1, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The object of this note is to tell you about a sad accident, the victim of which was Mr. Roswell Howk, an aged mute, of this city.

Mr. Howk was struck by an engine while crossing the track of the Utica and Black River Railroad, was sent whirling about thirty feet to one side, and instantly killed last Thursday morning. He had to cross the track when going to and from the business part of the city, and always looked out for the trains passing his house or standing by when he crossed the track. He knew full well the time when the train which killed him passed his house every day, but in all probability he did not think of it, nor did he look out for it when going on the track. It is bad enough for a deaf-mute's house to stand by a railroad track, but the house was built before the track was laid.

At the time of his death he was seventy-nine years and eleven months old, and his health had always been in such an excellent condition that he was supposed to be able to live several years longer. He was quite an intelligent but uneducated man, and understood the sign-language that we use. He was a young man when Watertown was nothing but a small collection of log-houses and around it was a great forest. He often related the experiences he had with the Indians, and used to tell what a complete transformation Watertown had undergone in so short a time.

About two years ago he was hit by a freight train and knocked down, while walking on the ties outside of the same track, and he barely escaped most serious injuries or an instant death. The result was that he was confined to his house for a short time and got well again. Many regarded the escape as being a remarkable one.

He leaves a widow, who is also a mute. Mrs. Howk has our sympathy in her bereavement over the sudden loss of her husband. His funeral is to be held in the Methodist church at half past two o'clock this afternoon.

Yours truly, C. O. U.



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

Secretary Sherman has written a letter declining the probate nomination for Governor of Ohio, presenting the claims of his present position as the reason.

New Orleans is determined upon avoiding, if possible, the yellow fever this summer. The street gutters are to be cleaned daily, and a number of sweeping machines and boats for carrying off refuse have been ordered.

Now here is freedom for you. The Missouri Legislature has in consideration a law to punish freemen of that commonwealth who do not vote. It provides that any voter who shall neglect to exercise the right of franchise three successively shall be deprived of the right to hold any office in the State.

Gen. Grant will reach San Francisco about the 20th of July. The programme for an excursion to meet him on his arrival is about completed. The demonstration will undoubtedly be simply immense, like all other movements with which Grant is connected. The *Sun* will undoubtedly have an artist on the spot, and the *Herald* will publish a map.

The Committee on Commerce and Navigation, who have been investigating the East River bridge, with a view of ascertaining its effect upon navigation of the river above the structure, have submitted the following points of the conclusion arrived at: 1. It obstructs all vessels with masts above 130 feet high; 2. It depreciates the value of property on the water front in New York above the bridge; 3. It benefits property in Brooklyn below the bridge; 4. It will cost to complete it \$15,000,000; 5. Its safety should be determined by a commission of competent engineers. All of which goes to show that the poor bridge is having a hard time of it, and leads to the inquiry: Now, what next?

Vanderbilt and Rochester have got each other by the ears. The Central Railroad runs through Rochester, and for the past dozen years a city law has been on the book against trains running through the limits at a greater speed than eight miles an hour. Until within a short time the ordinance has remained a dead letter. A slight misunderstanding between the parties has furnished a pretext to enforce the sleeping ordinance, and now trains on the Central are forced to jog through Rochester at the rate of eight miles an hour. It is too slow, and Vanderbilt has got mad. His proposition to elevate the road, if the city would remit the taxes for a certain number of years, was rejected, and Vanderbilt threatens to build his old road around the city, and by leaving it out in the cold, expects to depopulate it. It is a pleasant little fight.

The International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association was recently held in Baltimore. This great auxiliary of the Church is accomplishing an immense work, and the report of the convention will be read with interest. According to a report of operations among railroad men, one of the most active fields in which the association labors, read by Mr. Ingersoll, it appears that there are over seventy places where Christian work is done, and the growth in efficiency has been as marked as in numbers; the number of secretaries engaged in this work exclusively has within the past two years increased from four to sixteen, and all are on pay-rolls as employees of railroad companies; the first vice-president of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad and the general manager of the Chicago and Northwestern Road are chairmen of committees of associations; the Central Pacific road has opened reading-rooms for its employees on the plains and in Sacramento, Cal. In Cleveland, Ohio, a Railroad Women's Christian Union has been organized. The practical value of Christian work among railroad men was shown during the strikes in 1877. At Martinsburgh, West Va., where the first outbreak occurred, railroad men were met in their regular Sunday meetings; and at Parkersburg violence was prevented by the influence of a Christian master mechanic and his employees. The report of the Treasurer of the Executive Committee presented a more comprehensive view of the work of the association. Twenty-eight State and Provincial conventions have been held since June last, and State associations have been formed in Alabama, New York, Ohio, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Virginia, Texas, Louisiana and Maryland. Five hundred and fifty-three associations have made reports; forty-eight own buildings valued at \$31,928,770, and the total value of property belonging to or due them is \$2,297,450. Four hundred and eighty associations report a membership of 65,420 persons. There are 118 persons acting as general secretaries and agents. Reports of Young Men's Christian Associations have been received from Cairo, Egypt, Beyrout, Damascus, Smyrna, Jerusalem, Nazareth, Calcutta, Hong Kong and Yokohama.

## CROP PROSPECTS IN THE WEST.

The Chicago *Inter Ocean* of May 19th publishes an analysis of about 300 letters which it had received within the previous three or four days. They represent the condition of growing crops throughout the northwestern States as follows: In Illinois winter and spring wheat have a trifle larger acreage than last year, with good prom-

ise; oats have a decreased acreage and not very good condition; corn is mostly planted, and a larger acreage than last season. In Wisconsin small grains are rather backward, owing to dry weather. In some places wheat is rather thin, but the acreage is increased over last year. In Minnesota the dry weather injured wheat prospects for a while, but recent copious showers have brought the crop into excellent condition, and with a largely increased area sown, especially on hitherto unbroken soil, there will be a large yield. Corn will also be a large crop. Oats are rather inferior in quantity and condition. Dakota reports a large increased amount of wheat and oats raised. No damage from grasshoppers is anticipated. In Iowa winter wheat has an increased area and is in fine condition. Spring wheat in some localities is rather thin on the ground, but is generally looking well. Acreage has probably increased, although reports are contradictory. Corn will be an unusually large crop. Oats are like wheat. Nebraska reports an increased acreage of all grains which will be equal to one quarter. Crops are in a splendid condition. Subsequently the same may be said of Kansas. On the whole, the prospects are very flattering.

## WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

This famous agitator and philanthropist died May 26, 1879. He was born in Newburyport, Mass., in 1804. His parents were English. At the age of nine years he was apprenticed to a shoemaker in his native town, but he disliked the trade and he worked his way into a printing office. In 1825 he became editor of the Newburyport *Herald*, and in 1827 he was editor and owner of the *Free Press*, a new paper started by him in that town. This enterprise proved a failure, and he went to Boston to work as a journeyman printer. He soon became editor of the *National Philanthropist*, the first journal in this country that advocated total abstinence, and in 1829 he became interested with a friend in Bennington, Vt., in a paper devoted to peace, temperance and anti-slavery. In the same year, July 4th, 1829, he delivered his first anti-slavery address at the Old Park Street Church, Boston. He then favored colonization as the solution of the problem. A little later he went to Baltimore to help edit an anti-slavery paper there, and aroused by revelations of the slave trade he made such an onslaught on some persons engaged therein that he was found guilty of libel and thrown into prison. Arthur Tappan paid the enormous fine imposed upon young Garrison and he was released. He went back to Boston more ardent than ever in his opposition to slavery, but so bitter was that city against the abolitionists that the only hall he could get to lecture in was one used by professed infidels.

January 1, 1831, Garrison issued the first number of the famous *Liberator*, having for his partner Isaac Knapp. Neither had any money, and there was no office for the paper, but the foreman of the *Christian Examiner* employed them as journeymen, taking their labor for compensation for the use of type, Garrison sitting up nights to write his articles. For 35 years this undaunted man waged war not only against slavery, but because of slavery, against the constitution and laws of the United States, and January 1, 1866, had the supreme happiness of declaring his work accomplished, and the *Liberator* no longer necessary. The first number of the *Liberator* brought \$50 from a negro and 25 subscribers. A southern magistrate, trembling for the institutions of the country, wrote an appeal to Harrison Gray Otis, mayor of Boston, to suppress the vile sheet.

The mayor, after great difficulty, ferreted out the obscure hole in which the paper had then found refuge, and finding the only visible auxiliary a negro boy, and the only supporters a few insignificant people of all colors, wrote back that there was no occasion for alarm. But the South did not think so. Every mail brought threats of assassination. Two governors set a price upon Garrison's head. The governor of Georgia offered \$5,000 to any one who would bring the editor of the *Liberator* into that State. But still he kept on. January 1, 1832, he organized the American Anti-slavery Society, upon the principles of immediate emancipation. He went to England as its agent, and was warmly received by Wilberforce, Brougham, Clarkson and the dutchess of Sutherland.

On the occasion of George Thompson's lecture in Boston, a mob seized Garrison and he was led half naked through the streets with a rope around his neck, and was only saved from death by his being locked up in a cell, while the rioters paraded the streets in triumph. It was this sight which made an abolitionist of Wendell Phillips, who till then had taken no interest in the matter.

In 1868, Mr. Garrison's friends raised for him as a testimonial the sum of \$30,000. Of late years he has taken considerable interest in the cause of woman suffrage, but his life work was accomplished when the slaves were set at liberty, though not as he hoped, by moral suasion and without bloodshed, but by the dread ordeal of an appeal to arms.

Mr. Garrison was originally a Baptist, but the complicity of the church with slave holding set him against the established organizations, and of late he has been considered rather heterodox in his views. However ultra and at times ill-advised his methods were, it can not be denied that he will pass into history as one of the noblest of philanthropists.

## SUNDAY READING.

### GOD AND MY LOVED.

BY ANNIE HERBERT.

You speak of a city beyond the sea,  
Built in twelve-walled mystery,  
Rising to God in the summer light  
That lies forever on vale and height;  
You say that country is never crossed  
By a shadow of pain for fair hopes lost,  
For the glory of God fills the air;  
But what of my loved—will they meet me there?

You tell me its jeweled gates unfold  
Pictures of harpers with harps of gold,  
And angels listening to fulfill  
Forever and ever the dear Lord's will;  
There are prophets sealed with the strange new  
name,  
And saints caught up on the wing of flame;  
All fair, but my yearning soul would see  
God, and the loved that wait for me.

You tell me of palms, and a throne of light  
That love has veiled from our mortal sight,  
But sweeter than songs the harpers sing,  
And dearest of gifts from Christ the King,  
Is a hand in the throng to clasp my own;  
I know not if crown or palm shall be,  
God and my loved are heaven for me.

O, city of God, enthroned in light,  
O, home of the angels clothed in white,  
Still heard thy glory no thought can hold,  
Still hide thy splendor of pearl and gold,  
Till my trembling spirit with sweet surprise  
Grows grand in the welcome of human eyes;  
Till without doubt or fear I see  
God and my loved in heaven with me.

### MORAL POWER OF THE BIBLE.

Does this Bible change the character and lives of those who embrace it? I would I could take you to a little village near my station, where they had embraced Christianity in a body but eight months before, and where the high priest of the temple near by came secretly to me in my tent, and asked me: "Sir, will you please impart to me the secret; what is it that makes that Bible of yours have such power over the lives of those that embrace it? Now, it is but eight months since the people joined you. Before that they were quarrelsome, they were riotous, they were lazy, they were shiftless; and now see what a difference there is in them. Now they are active, they are energetic, they are laborious, they never drink, they never quarrel. Why, sir, I joined in the persecution when they became Christians, and tried to stamp out Christianity before it gained a foothold here, but they stood firm, and now in all the region around here the people all respect and honor them. What is it that makes the Bible have such a power over the lives of those that embrace it? Our Vedas have no such power. Please, sir, give me the secret."

Does it sustain its recipients? Our first convert in the new region, in the Telooquo country, where I went in 1853, was a young Brahmin. We knew that there was danger of his being murdered and tried to guard him. But after a while he was decoyed away and taken over a hundred miles to a town where his relatives lived. He was injured in a close room. Nothing was left him but a cloth around his loins. In the room there was naught but a grass mat for him to lie on, with nothing to cover him. Day by day, just a little rice and salt was placed there for him to eat, just enough to keep body and soul together; and he was told that he should never come out alive unless he abjured his new-fangled doctrines and came back to orthodox Hindooism. His grandfather, a wealthy man, offered half his fortune to the Brahmins if they would reconvert him. They brought the logicians, the rhetoricians, and the priests of all the region to argue with him. They had taken away his Bible. They argued with him, and they kept him for months. I have not time to tell you the thrilling story of his escape, but at last he got back to us, all skin and bones; he had lost all his flesh, but had not lost his faith and his trust in Jesus, nor his love for this Bible. He had never denied Him. A year after that we met his uncles who had imprisoned him. They said to us: "Sir, what is it in that Bible of yours that gives such strength and courage to those that embrace it? Now, we had that nephew of ours right in our power. We told him that he should never get away alive unless he renounced Christianity, and there was no probability that he would. He expected to die from starvation there; but, sir, every day, no matter who were there, he would kneel in his cell and he would pray to that *Yeshu Kriatu*, the divine Redeemer that he called God, and when he arose there was no doing anything with him. You never saw such a stubborn fellow. What is it that makes this Bible give such nerve and courage to those that embrace it?"

—Dr. Jacob Chamberlain.

We know with what an excellent nicety the skillful engraver can represent the forms he designs to produce; but it is essential to his art that the substance he engraves upon should be suited to receive the impression. What could he do on the surface of coarse tile? So God refines the heart, to fit it to receive His lovely image, and then, by the operation of His Spirit, completes the glorious work.—*Roseland*.

It is a great and marvellous thing to be a Christian, and God lays more stress on that than on the sacrament. For the Christian is not made for the sake of the sacrament, but the sacrament was instituted for the sake of the Christian.—*Luther*.

Daniel Webster once said: "Religion is a necessary and indispensable element in any great human character."

## CONDENSED NEWS.

—The Rhode Island Legislature convened May 26th.

—There was a great eruption of Mount Etna on the night of May 25th.

—The annual meeting of the Pilgrim Society was held in Plymouth, Mass., May 26th.

—Spain's population is estimated at 16,925,860—an increase of 952,324 over the census of 1860.

—The new steamer Arizona, of the Guyon line, sailed last Saturday from Liverpool for New York.

—Servia has contracted in England for 100,000 Henry-Martini rifles, to be supplied within one year.

—Mellen & Grass' candy factory at Washington burned May 26th. Loss, \$30,000; insurance, \$20,000.

—There are estimated to be 4,500,000 barrels of petroleum in tanks in the oil regions of Pennsylvania.

—Judge Asa Packer, who recently died in Philadelphia, willed \$2,400,000 to various institutions of learning.

—Norfolk, Neb., rumors report that grasshoppers have cleaned out the grain fields in that neighborhood.

—Thomas Williams, of Detroit, with \$12,000 in his pockets, was found on the street suffering from delirium tremens.

—J. P. Krieger, Jr., the defaulting cashier of the Broadway Savings Bank, St. Louis, is indebted \$300,000 to the institution.

—The United States frigate Constitution arrived at New York May 24th with the last of the American goods exhibited at Paris.

—Miss Emma Henry, of Henryville, Pa., while going down the cellar steps with a lamp in her hand, fell and was burned to death.

—David Tompkins, of Oswego, caught five sturgeon one day recently in the Oswego River, at that city, that weighed 300 pounds.

—A Calcutta dispatch of May 26th stated that the steamer Ava sunk by a collision and that 66 of the crew and passengers were drowned.

—Rich silver ore has been discovered in many places near Hot Springs, Ark., and experienced miners say that the prospect is very good.

—John King aged 36, and Walter Swan, aged 20, of Lewiston, N. Y., were drowned in the Niagara River by the upsetting of a small boat.

—Mr. Caird, the agricultural statistician, estimates the capital of English landlords at \$1,000,000,000 and of English tenants at \$2,000,000,000.

—According to the latest census of Austria, there are in that country 183 men and 229 women who have reached or passed the age of one hundred years.

—In one day recently four men in Syracuse were fined \$50 each for illegal fishing, the result of the vigilance of the Onondaga club for the preservation of fish and game.

—The Oriental Powder Company's magazine near Brighton, Ill., containing 50,000 kegs of powder, was struck by lightning Sunday night, May 25th, and entirely consumed.

—Late advices from Cape Town indicate that the Zulus were preparing for vigorous resistance and that there was a prospect of the war lasting at least through two campaigns.

—The Belcher Mine, in Nevada, will soon be 3,000 feet deep. Machinery at the bottom is worked by compressed air, which is forced down through pipes, and which also ventilates the mine.

—Pi Walker, who had rescued several persons from going over the Falls of the Niagara River, went over in a small boat, a few days ago while in a state of intoxication. Pi is said to have been a noted smuggler.

—On the face of our globe, according to careful computation, the number of daily and weekly papers and periodicals published is 23,291, of which Africa has 50, Australia 100, Asia 327, America 9,129 and Europe 13,625.

—Frank Dickerson, having been found guilty, at Janesville, Wis., of complicity with Mrs. Mack in the murder of George H. Mack, her husband, has been sentenced to imprisonment for life. Mrs. Mack had previously been sentenced.

—On the 24th of April Daniel W. Mace, a car driver, of New York, shot and killed his five-year-old daughter. On the 26th of May he was arraigned before Judge Cowing in the General Sessions, tried for murder in the first degree, and acquitted on the grounds of insanity, in accordance with the jury's verdict.

—The Louisville *Courier-Journal* has discovered upon investigation that at least one-half of the children of the State of Kentucky who are within the age of school years are entirely uneducated; there are 200,000 white and 25,000 colored children not in school who are of proper age for school instruction.

—Three boys in Brooklyn recently met on a street corner at midnight, and, after completing arrangements for running away, started on an adventure for the West. Another boy, fifteen years old, was intending to go with them, but was discovered and detained by his father, having returned to the house to get his "girls" picture.

—It is said that the longest railroad train on record went over the road from Cleveland to Toledo on the 18th of April. It consisted of 27 sections, 60 cars to a section, with one engine to each section, but all the sections coupled together, making a continuous train over 10 miles long, composed of 1,620 cars. The cars were empty, and were being returned to the various western roads to which they belonged.

## HIGHLY FLATTERING.

POTSDAM, N. Y., May 26, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I am greatly pleased to see that your paper grows strong and finely. I shall be sure to take it until my death. Your paper will some time be a rival of the New York *Tribune*.

We read in your paper about John Henry Lloyd. I took my paper to him to read. He smiled at it. He was here on a visit to us May 12th, and spent a week or more. A few days ago he went towards Franklin county, then east. He is an intelligent talker, and we were much interested in his visit here. He said he went to see Prince Lorne and Princess Louise in Ottawa last February, and shook hands with them. He spoke of his history and adventures. He said he was once a skillful artist, but now his health is failing. We made him comfortable while here. We think he ought to be in the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes. His age is 63 years.

Mr. Job Turner and Mrs. Goodrich E. Risley spoke in your paper about J. H. Lloyd. I believe he is alive now, because he was here a few days ago. He read your paper about himself. He said "Yes, I am the same man."

Edward H. Little, a mute and only son of Randolph, Vt., is our cousin. He is heir to his father's large estate.

George R. Bishop, of Washington, Kan., is also our cousin, and is also in easy circumstances. He was a pupil of the Toronto deaf-mute school, but left there in 1858 and went to the Illinois Institution.

William A. Winslow left home the 5th of May, and went on the lakes to make his fortune. I think he will go west, and hope he will be successful.

Yours truly,  
J. H. WINSLOW.

## BEHIND A BLUE VEIL.

"Me," cried Mr. Fischer, with a short derisive laugh, as he turned away from the looking-glass, where he had been sprinkling his ambrosial locks with Jean Maria Farina cologne; "me carry a great square-shouldered market basket through the streets! Upon my word, Kitty, I think it is pretty cool of you to expect it of me."

"It is only as far as aunt Pounce's," said Mrs. Fischer. "Two mince pies, a cold roast fowl, and a jar of cranberry jelly for her birthday dinner."

"O, confound aunt Pounce!" said Mr. Fischer, buttoning a pair of lavender kid gloves with great nicety and precision.

"Aunt P. is my godmother," said Kitty Fischer, with tears in her eyes.

"She is an old nuisance," announced Mr. F.; "can't you send the girl?"

"Mary Ann has sprained her ankle," said Mrs. F.

"Hire a boy," suggested the husband.

"I don't know of any one to hire," said Mrs. F.; "and besides I particularly wished to go myself, aunt P. is so very particular."

"Old dragonesses like that have no business to be particular," said Mr. F., "and besides she lives down in that crazy looking old rookery of a place by the river, where it is as much as a man's life worth to go."

"O, she don't live there any longer, eagerly interrupted Kitty; "she has moved to—"

"Where is my hem-stitched pocket handkerchief?" interrupted her husband, imperiously, "and my muffler."

"There, there, Kitty, you are a very good, dutiful little girl; but I've no desire to know where your blessed old aunt P. has moved to, and, once for all, I desire you to understand that I never will carry a basket through the streets. It is against my principle to make a market man or an express agent of myself. So by by until evening!" and, with a wave of his lavender fingers, Mr. F. departed for the store, leaving his wife in a sort of indignant despair.

"It is too bad of George," said K., with a sudden April shower of tears, "and we not married a year yet. He said he would go through fire and tempest for me before we were married, and now he is not even willing to carry a market basket half a dozen blocks. He declared he would do for me, and last night he went deliberately to the theatre and left me sitting all alone by the fire at home. And when I asked him why he didn't take me he burst out laughing, and said 'Never once thought of you, my dear,' and I am almost certain he went with those Bloomingdales, and Bell is such a flirt, and Mary Mason says they were engaged once. Bell Bloomingdale and my husband! O, dear, why didn't I take aunt P.'s advice and remain single?"

George hasn't called me an angel for at least six months, and he scolded dreadfully yesterday when he found that button off his shirt collar, and he thought it was unreasonably extravagant when I asked him for money to buy three yards of velvet to remodel my old black gros grain walking suit. Upon the whole I do think I was more independent when I was plain Kitty Vincennes and gave lessons in music, and wax-flower making and water-color painting; and, O, dear, when we were up at the park skating last week he strapped on Flora Wiley's skates so gallantly and left me to struggle with my own, and then pretended he supposed mine were all fastened; and when Flora slipped he flew to help her up, and found her muff and guided her all around upon his arm; and when I got that bad fall by the fence he only laughed and asked me whether I was practicing for a circus, and if it wasn't as easy to get up as it was to get down. I do think George is too bad, and I have almost a mind to tell aunt P. about it. But

she would be sure to say 'I told you so,' and that is something I never could endure to hear." And, sitting solitary and alone by the fire, Mrs. F. made up her feminine mind that aunt P. should have her mince pie and cold roast fowl and bottle of claret wine happen what would.

"I have carried heavier baskets than that before I was married," reflected this injured wife, "and I can again before I will allow poor, dear aunt to be neglected!"

Upon the whole, matrimony had been rather a disappointment than otherwise to poor little Kitty F. She had supposed, like many another sentimental little fiancee, that she was to walk on sunset clouds and roses and live on nectar and honey dew all the rest of her life after the ring and the veil and the orange blossoms. George Fischer was rather disposed to be thoughtless and selfish, and Kitty's delusion had been more sudden than that of many bride's. She had expected love in a cottage, all gable ends, plate-glass and inlaid wood, and, instead, Mr. F. had inducted her into rather an indifferent style of flat, with a gentleman overhead that gave lessons on the violin, and a lady below who owned nine noisy children, and, upon the whole, Mrs. Kitty F. wasn't quite as rapturously happy as she had confidently expected to be.

"I suppose life is a series of disappointments," thought K. "O dear me, I didn't want mine to begin before I had been married a year."

Mr. F. was coming home that evening in the horse cars. It was what the English novelists call a nasty night, with a sullen sunset, framed around with flourees of snow, cold wind, and clouds of dust that penetrated into one's bronchial region with merciless accuracy; and, of course, the cars were crowded—and, of course, Mr. F. retreated behind his newspaper, when one old Irish woman, with some dressed poultry under her arm, and a young German frandlin, with a bundle of ready made coats, made their way in. Was he George Fischer to sacrifice his comfortable seat for such as them? But presently the bell rang again and a slight, pretty little figure glided in, with a blue veil twisted around its face, and falling in fluttering ends behind the prettiest of gray-gloved hands, with No. 3 boots, and a huge basket on her arm.

"By Jove," reflected Mr. F. to himself, "a diamond in the rough; a factory girl or a little seamstress bringing home her Saturday night's provisions. I know she is a beauty. No body with a foot and hand like that could help being pretty." And he sprang to his feet, with a bow that would have done honor to Beau Brummell himself.

"Take this seat, Miss," said he. "Couldn't think of it," lisped a soft little voice.

"But you must" said Mr. F., gallantly relieving her of the basket.

"Don't let me trouble you with that, sir," said the lady.

"I assure you it is no trouble in the world," said Mr. F., with another imitation of Beau Brummell; and he stood there balancing himself most uncomfortably in the middle of the car floor, with the four corners of the huge market basket making themselves most obtrusively obnoxious to the other passengers and the conductor, until at last the heroine rose up.

"Have you far to walk?" questioned our hero, and as he bent over the lady a delicate perfume of Lubin's violets saluted his sense—his favorite extract of all the flowers of the field.

"Oh no," fluttered the lady, "only a few blocks."

Mr. F. stepped off the cars also.

"Allow me to carry the basket for you," said he.

"O, pray don't," said the lady; "it is too heavy."

"Not in the least," said Mr. F. He walked along, a modern Chevalier Bayard, hazarding occasional remarks upon the weather, and wishing his fair companion would put up her veil just for half a minute, block after block, street-crossing after street-crossing, until his arm began to ache and his courage to flag. This was rather more than he had bargained for. Suppose the walk should last a mile or so longer, and with Kitty, jealous, unreasonable little Kitty, waiting for him at home all this time? But just as he was breaking into a sort of cold perspiration at the idea that this was to be an endless walk, the young lady paused in front of a respectable old red brick house, with stone steps and with railings on each side. She ascended those stone steps, Mr. F. following after like a docile little dog. She rang the bell, and presently an old lady, in a black dyed silk and a white net cap, opened the door.

"Put down the basket, George," said the lady of the blue veil, lifting that envious screen at last and revealing a pair of sparkling azure eyes; "this is aunt Pounce?"

"O, my," shouted Mr. F. "Yes, dear," said Mrs. F. "What does this mean?"

"I didn't ask you to carry the basket, my love," said Mrs. F.; particularly as you gave me so distinctly to understand that you never would carry a basket—a square-shouldered basket the expression was, I think—through the streets of the city, my dear," said Mrs. F.

"Well said, Kitty, a man is very capable of making a fool of himself at times."

"So I should think," said Kitty. So they unloaded aunt Pounce's basket, bade that astonished old lady good night, and went home. But from that night, thenceforward, Mr. F. abominated the sight of a blue veil, for Mrs. F. had the advantage of him, nor did she scruple to use it.

LADIES' CLUB.

## THE YOUNG LADIES PUZZLED.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—We (young girls) have had a chat about Mr. Fischer since we read the story about "Behind a Blue Veil." So we feel interested in sending the copy to show you. We wonder if he was "Rambler." Don't you think he was the same one? We want to know if he is married. We can hear through the JOURNAL whether he is married. One of us said she knew him, and he was once her classmate. When did he go to the Hartford school?

LADIES' CLUB.

## PROF. JOB TURNER'S APPOINTMENTS.

Mr. Job Turner, deaf-mute missionary, acting under the auspices of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, will (D. V.) visit the following places to hold divine service for deaf mutes and those interested in their welfare.

Sunday, May 4th, Nashville, Tenn. Wednesday, " 7th, Jackson, Tenn. Sunday, " 11th, Memphis, Tenn. Wednesday, " 14th, Little Rock, Ark. Sunday, " 18th, Austin, Texas. Wednesday, " 21st, Houston, Texas. Sunday, " 25th, Galveston, Texas. Friday, " 30th, Jackson, Miss. Sunday, June 1st, New Orleans, La. Wednesday, " 4th, Mobile, Ala. Sunday, " 8th, Montgomery, Ala. Tuesday, " 10th, Atlanta, Ga. Wednesday, " 11th, Macon, Ga. Sunday, " 15th, Savannah, Ga. Sunday, " 22d, Charleston, S. C. Wednesday, " 25th, Wilmington, N. C. Friday, " 27th, Goldboro, N. C. Sunday, " 29th, Petersburg, Va. Wednesday, July 2d, Annapolis, Md. Sunday, " 6th, Baltimore, Md. Monday, " 7th, York, Penn. Wednesday, " 9th, Wilmington, Del. Thursday, " 10th, Philadelphia, Pa. Sunday, " 13th, Boston, Mass.

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